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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

NAHANT,

AND OTHER PLACES ON THE

NORTH-SHORE;

BEING A CONTINUATION OF NOTES ON THE SEA-SHORE, BY THE SHADE OF ALDEN.

J. L. Homer

☞ This work relates to Nahant and its history, from its early settlement to the present time, and to its inhabitants, past and present—the parties which were in the habit of visiting it in olden time—the sea-serpent, the late Marshal Prince, and Capt. Rich—the first steamboat which ran to Nahant—names of the owners of cottages there—history of the hotel, and some account of its proprietors—sea stories, yatching, the Northern Light, the Raven, &c.; to Apple Island, and the late Mr. Marsh; to Deer Island and its history—dancing parties there, thirty years ago—Capt. Tewksbury and his successful exertions in saving the lives of his fellow men—remarkable case of money digging, near Money Head Bluff, in 1824; to Point Shirley—remarkable accident there; Chelsea, East Boston, Lynn, Phillips's Beach, and the Swamscott fishermen; Salem, and the East-India museum; Newburyport—the late Lord Timothy Dexter—remarkable case of the rescue of a mother from drowning by her own child; Cape Ann, and a funny editorial dinner at the Gloucester House; to Boston, and a ride in its vicinity, through Charlestown, Cambridge, Watertown, Waltham, Brighton, Roxbury, &c.; to Lowell, Dedham, Worcester, Springfield, Taunton, New-Bedford, Nantucket, Newport, Fall River, Stonington, Providence, West Cambridge, Lexington, Concord, and other pleasant places.

Appendix.—The progress of steam during the last fifty years, and its beneficial consequences; a few brief passages in relation to the eventful life of Capt. Sturgis, of the cutter Hamilton; a ride to Plymouth, and some account of that town; Castle Island, and the duels which have been fought in Boston harbor; some account of the yachts in Boston and its vicinity, and many other interesting subjects.

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PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS,

AND

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

BENJAMIN C. CLARK, ESQ.

A native citizen of Boston, one of the earliest friends of yachting on the New England coast, an enterprising and successful merchant, and the best amateur pilot on the North shore:

By his humble servant, THE AUTHOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
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PREFATORY REMARKS.

In submitting the second book of "Notes on the Sea-Shore" to his friends and the public, the author considers it his duty to thank the gentlemen of the city press for the flattering notices they have bestowed upon the first part of his work, published several weeks since. He also returns his sincere thanks to such of his friends as have interested themselves in the sale of the work, by kind words and generous deeds.

The publication of "Nahant, and other places on the North-Shore," has been delayed two or three weeks beyond the time we promised it; but this is owing to the fact, that the author of the work has had to set nearly all the types, make up the pages, impose the forms, correct the proof-sheets, &c. It is not always the case that the writer of a book can execute the mechanical part of it: that labor, however — like almost every other — seems as nothing, "after one gets used to it." Type-setting is one of the most delightful and instructive pastimes a young fellow can enjoy; and to an old one, it is decidedly more agreeable than the souud of bad music, vocal or instrumental, or the importunate duns of clamorous creditors. And then there is the thought that Franklin was a printer!

The matter in this work, with the exception of a few pages, is now for the first time published. Much of it was prepared two or three years ago; but as the fashionable travelling season was pretty well over when we penned our letters to an old, and esteemed, and faithful friend in the city — we mean the editor of the Boston Post — we concluded to keep them from the public eye until another time; and, finally, we decided upon publishing the whole series, with copious additions. And here we must be permitted to acknowledge our indebtedness to two kind friends at Nahant for valuable contributions to the work.

The object the writer of this work had in view, when he first decided upon publishing it, was two-fold. In the first place, he wanted employ-

ment, and hoped to make something by the enterprise: in the second, he was desirous of furnishing travellers and others with something like a comprehensive GUIDE, to instruct and amuse them in their hours of leisure and relaxation from the cares and toils of business. The field was a new one — it had never been explored. We believe the letters and notes embraced in the two works we have published — the one relating to the South-Shore, and the other to the North-Shore and Boston and its vicinity — will do this more effectually than has been done by any other work of the kind that has been previously given to the public. But, of the truth of this remark readers themselves must be the judges. We are duly sensible that our sketches are not so full and so perfect as they ought to be — or as we intend they shall be the next season; but if they should prove acceptable at the present time, our object will have been attained, our wishes gratified, and our ambition to do better, on some future occasion, encouraged quite equal to our expectation.

The sale our first pamphlet met with was quite encouraging; and that now offered to the reading community, we think, will have a better run than the first, inasmuch as it is decidedly more interesting. The soil of the South-Shore, as a general thing, and in a literary point of view, is a hard one to work in, while that on the North, and in our own vicinity, is more prolific in rich incidents.

With the subjects referred to in these pages we are somewhat familiar, but not so much so as we wish we were. Our acquaintance with most of the fashionable watering places in this country, from personal observation, and of the popular routes travelled during the summer months, assisted by a pretty retentive memory of things seen and heard, will enable us, the next year, as we humbly trust, to extend our plan, so as to embrace a description of many places beyond the limited sphere we have occupied in the books here referred to. And to do this well, and successfully, we shall gladly avail ourselves of such hints and suggestions as our friends may have the kindness to offer. In a multitude of counsel there is safety — at least the lawyers say so.

The fashionable travelling season of the present year, as compared with the last — so far as regards Boston and its vicinity, especially — has been an unfavorable one. There has been a falling off of visiters at every hotel in the city, as we are informed, while the public houses on the sea-shore, with but few exceptions, have not done one half the business they did last year. Some of them indeed, we are assured, have been doing a losing business. This fact may be attributed to two causes — to the cold and rainy weather which prevailed in this quarter until about the middle of July, and to the pressure in the money market, which has made almost every prudent man feel as "poor as a church mouse," and to husband his resources with the utmost caution.

In our account of Nahant — which, taken as a whole, (although we say it, who should not say it!) is probably the best sketch of that rock-bound peninsular extant. We have given several stories, from the recollection of friends, and have some others, which we shall make use of hereafter. There is one we shall mention now. When Holman first went

to Nahant he was, like all other dashing young fellows, fond of a boat. One morning, when the wind was blowing a gale from the N E., he ventured out alone in a dory, with two oars, to catch a few fish. He had proceeded but a short distance from the steamboat-landing and the rocks, when he began to feel the full violence of the wind and the sea. Holman found it difficult to account for the sudden and startling change in the elements of wind and water, and attempted to put back, but it was too late. His little boat was tossed up and down, without mercy. First one oar went, and then the other, and the poor fellow was helpless. He held on to the sides of the boat with the strength of a christian. Up, up, up! down, down, down! went the dory — and the stomach of our friend began to *reach* toward the land. But on he drifted, fast nearing the shore in Chelsea, in which direction the wind was driving him at a furious rate. A dangerous ledge of rocks was ahead. His critical situation was discovered by Mr. Caleb Johnson and some other Nahant fishermen, who, after consultation, concluded to risk their own lives to save that of as worthy a young man as had ever lived among them. Off they started, and after a severe struggle with the waves, they succeeded in rescuing Holman from almost inevitable destruction, within twenty rods of the most dangerous ledge of rocks in that vicinity.

The public's humble servant, J. L. HOMER.

Boston, September 4th, 1848.

THE NORTH SHORE.

LETTER I.

Nahant, its history, and its public and private buildings—its progress in population and refinement during the last fifty years—the first steamboat which ran to that peninsula, and to Hingham—some account of the pleasure parties which were in the habit of visiting Nahant previous to 1800—*the sea-serpent, the excitement caused by its first appearance on our coast, Marshal Prince and his mast-head spy-glass, the first expedition fitted out in our waters to capture the monster, and Capt. Rich, who stuck a harpoon "about two feet" into it—the early friends of Nahant, Hon. T. H. Perkins, Dr. E. H. Robbins, Frederick Tudor, Esq. and the late Cornelius Coolidge—names of the owners of cottages—history of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Nahant hotel—the Johnson family—health of Nahant—fatal accident to fishing parties—yachting.*

NAHANT, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

I HAVE been paying a "flying visit" to this popular watering place, and have been highly delighted with every thing that has passed under my observation. I have had an opportunity to examine all the prominent points of attraction here—the Swallow's Cave, Irene's Grotto, the Pulpit Rock, Castle Rock, &c.; and have been much pleased and instructed by my investigations. The hotel is yet well patronised, notwithstanding the evenings have been somewhat cool for a week past. The tables are full at dinner every day, and the gay and fashionable company reminds me of the great hotels at Saratoga, where the clatter of knives and forks, and plates, is always sure to drown the human voice. The season will last only two or three weeks longer. Thus far, I am happy to learn, our friend Drew has done an excellent business, his house having been crowded with visiters the whole summer. A large portion of his company came from New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and places farther south. I am particularly pleased with "mine host," on account of his easy, modest, gentlemanly deportment: he conducts the affairs of his immense establishment so quietly that you would hardly think that any thing was going on, until you saw the tables spread for dinner, and then your senses are regaled with the smell of every delicacy the season affords.

Such a man is a treasure in a public establishment. Holman, of the United States Hotel, is of the same stamp; and I cannot take a dish of chowder at Nahant without thinking of that excellent fellow. And here permit me to say a word complimentary to Mrs. Drew, a lady as well calculated to give general satisfaction to her visiters as any one with whom I am acquainted. While she endeavors to make every one feel happy and at home, she is careful that her boarders do not crowd upon each other, or infringe upon her own rights as lady of the house.

Mr. Drew's success has been flattering beyond his expectations, but not beyond

his deserts, for his sole ambition appears to be to please every one—man, woman and child—who honors him with a call. To an old man, like myself, it is a most agreeable sight to look upon the groups of gay and happy children that are always found at the Nahant Hotel. But I need not talk to you, who are (or ought to be) a grandfather, about children! Let *that* pass.

I now come to a point which will interest you. While entering my name in the book of the hotel, who should I discover seated at the desk, as second in command, but our young friend Morgan,* formerly of the Bay State Democrat, a gentleman of intelligence, agreeable manners, and every way fitted to assist in the management of a first rate hotel. For the honor of the craft, I was pleased to take a tumbler of cold water with him. We drank your health in that innocent beverage, and that of the editorial profession generally. How is it that editors are so much attached to good hotels, and to the proprietors of them? I have sometimes thought that they cherished for each other a warm, an inseparable friendship. It is well that it is so, for a respectable press can do much to assist hotel keepers, if it is so disposed. I should like to be an editor myself, if it were not for a certain dread I have of the smell of gunpowder and printers' ink, and of bad debts in particular.

Mr. Alonzo Lewis, the poet, of Lynn, has published a neat little pamphlet in relation to Nahant, which I consider entitled to a respectful and complimentary notice. It contains a minute and accurate description of all the prominent points at this watering place, and seven well executed wood engravings representing those points. These *pictorial* illustrations are often exceedingly entertaining and instructive.

(* NOTE—JULY, 1848.) This gentleman has recently taken the Gloucester House, at Cape Ann, and we hear golden reports of his popularity and success. Mr. Drew has found an excellent substitute for him in Mr. Murdock.

From the historical data furnished by Mr. Lewis, it appears that, at the first settlement of Lynn, in 1629, the Indians had possession of Nahant, and in 1630 their chief, Poquannum, sold it to Thomas Dexter, a Lynn farmer, for a suit of clothes. In 1631, it was used as a corn and sheep pasture by the people of Lynn and Salem. About this time wolves were plenty there. In 1635, encouragement was given to fishermen. In 1652, Wenepoyken, the Lynn sagamore, mortgaged Nahant to Nicholas Davidson, of Charlestown, for 20 pounds sterling; and, in a lawsuit which grew out of this transaction, Mr. Dexter prosecuted the town of Lynn, but the court decided against his claim. In 1688, Robert Page, of Boston, was prosecuted for sailing from Nahant on the Lord's day with a load of wood. About the year 1700 foxes became numerous and troublesome in Nahant, as well as in Lynn. In 1706 a new division of lands was made at Nahant, under which the present proprietors claim. As late as 1803 there were but three houses in Nahant, which were occupied by Quakers, "who kept no hotels, but accommodated a few boarders, and occasionally made a fish chowder, for parties who visited Nahant from Boston and other places." As Nahant projects several miles into the sea, many vessels have been wrecked there in stormy weather: Mr. Lewis gives the names and dates. But you must read his book, to which I am indebted for the above facts.

The Nahant Hotel, with the location and appointments of which almost every fashionable traveller is acquainted, was built in 1820. The original cost of the land, hotel, and out-buildings, was about $60,000 —which was divided into shares of $100 each. It was carried on several years after its completion, with very little advantage to its proprietors, however, by the late James Magee, Esq., a gentleman of fine epicurean taste, and by Messrs. Johnson & Durand. In 1825,—the original stockholders being a little "sick of their bargain," having never received a dividend

upon their investment,—the hotel was sold at public auction, at the depreciated price of 14,000. The purchasers were Col. Thomas H. Perkins and Dr. Edward H. Robbins, who enlarged its dimensions considerably, by adding to it the easterly wing, which is now used as the principal dining room and for lodgers. This improvement cost several thousand dollars. Messrs. Perkins and Robbins sold the hotel again, in 1842, to its present proprietor, Mr. Drew, for 25,000. This gentleman made a great bargain. Owing to a combination of circumstances, it is now valued at more than double that sum.

After Messrs. Perkins and Robbins became the purchasers of the hotel it was carried on several years for their account, by different individuals,—one year by Mr. F. Hutchins,—neither of whom succeeded so well as the proprietors expected they would, with perhaps one exception. In 1833, Mr. R. W. Holman, now of the United States Hotel, became the agent of the proprietors, for whom he acted until about 1840, driving a moderately prosperous business at all times. During one season, under his management, I am informed, the hotel cleared about six thousand dollars in three months—a pretty fair business this!

Mr. Holman was succeeded in the agency of the proprietors by Mr. Drew, who, in 1842, as I have before stated, became sole proprietor of the establishment, and, since that time, has been blessed with a run of prosperity which must have been highly flattering to his feelings and grateful to his purse. The present season has been successful beyond any previous one. The hotel, its amusements and conveniences, have often been described. I know of no place that offers better views of the sea, and of the adjacent towns, than this delightful spot, or one where an invalid would be likely to find a purer or more bracing atmosphere. On two occasions, ten or twelve years ago, I was effectually cured of severe attacks of cholera morbus, by sojourning at Nahant a day or two each time. I may add, that the company which usually assembles here embraces as much of intellect, good manners, kind feelings, and amiable social bearing, as you will find at any other watering place in the country. The sturdiest democrat in the land need not be afraid to venture here with his wife and daughters, while the proudest aristocrat must be satisfied with the facilities and comforts which are acces sible to all.

I believe my first visit to Nahant dates back twenty-five years or more. I remember it as well as though it were but yesterday. With some thirty others, in the year 1819, I was a passenger in the steamboat Eagle, Capt. Wood—the first boat, I believe, that ever ran to Nahant regularly. She made three trips a week, that year, to Nahant, and three to Hingham. Capt. W. was a gentleman of the old school—a man of polished manners, good conversational powers, and hospitable feeling: there are but few of that stamp now in existence—the race is fast disappearing, and, I am apprehensive, will soon be extinct!

Capt. Wood had commanded a Liverpool packet for many years out of Boston, but now had "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," as regarded both his property and health. The Eagle was usually *three hours* in making her trip to Nahant, and the same time back; and she was considered a wonderfully swift boat. Six hours only upon the water out of nine!* What do you think of that, my friend? What will Capt. Beal say to it?

About the time I speak of, Mr. Frederick Rouillard kept a hotel at Nahant—near where Mr. Rice now keeps. He was a very competent man, and "while he had money he had friends;" but unfortunately Rouillard had a fast trotting horse, called Buckskin, and a few unprincipled social companions made sad work with his funds, on the turf and elsewhere. The few

(* Note—July, 1848.) The same distance is now performed in an hour. See Appendix, for an article in relation to the progress of steam within the last fifty years—A.

last years of his life were passed in penury. He was a generous hearted Frenchman ; and he will be remembered by many of our aged citizens, as the keeper of the Julien House, at the corner of Congress and Milk-streets—by men who, when the young blood ran frolic through *their* veins, acted pretty much in the same way that many of the young men of the present day do. It was the favored resort of our fashionable merchants, and sustained a high character as a restorateur, where every delicacy of the season could be had, served up in the best style, at short notice. As a soup and steak establishment there have been but few like it in Boston since : it was popular, also, as a club-house, and was patronised by the aristocracy as well as the middling classes of society. I have often heard Rouillard amuse his patrons with anecdotes relating to the habits and peculiarities of men in high life, and of a few who had more money than brains. I remember one particularly, and could give many others, if the game were worth the candle.*

* One forenoon, (as the story went) a gentleman, who owned a princely estate, called upon him, and desired to take a a peep into his larder, as he intended to give a dinner party the next day to half a dozen friends, for whom he had a high regard. He soon cast his eyes upon two pairs of canvass-back ducks. Smacking his lips, with the relish of a genuine disciple of Epicurus, he exclaimed—"Those are the very things I want !—what shall I pay you for them ?" "Why, my good friend, (replied Rouillard) they cost me three dollars a pair ; if it will be any accommodation to you, I will let you have them at the cost ; but I could not well afford to cook them for you, and find the trimmings, short of four dollars a pair." The old gentleman, then supposed to be worth two or three millions of dollars, spent more than half an hour in attempting to beat Rouillard down ; and the best offer he would make for these delicious birds, the very things he wanted for his select dinner party, was one dollar and a half a pair, or three dollars for the lot, without trimmings—just one half of the original cost. So far as regarded wealth, this gentleman was a bad specimen of human nature, for his gold benefitted no one. He loved money so passionately, as this fact shows, that he was hardly decent in his expenditures, even on occasions when some extra effort seemed to be necessary to keep up appearances. He was not so bad, however, as a creature we once saw at a subscription dinner party, at one of our fashionable hotels—a man of fortune, now (August, 1848) in active life, who, at the close of the festivities, filled his hat with almonds, raisins and oranges. The colored gentlemen in attendance rebuked him gently, and one of the committee of arrangements made him disgorge his ill-gotten spoils, but not without pugilistic resistance on his part. It appeared that his daughter had issued invitations for a party the next evening. As the gentlemen drovers at Brighton say, "some *pork* will boil so !" Indeed, as has often been said, this is a great, an extensive country—made up of all sorts of people, some of whom are too mean to inhabit it without serious disadvantage to the rest.

While smoking my cigar, in the cool of the evening, on one of the rocks that overlook the Ocean, near the eastern point of this peninsula, my mind is often carried back to the days of our good mothers and grandmothers, who had no steamboats to convey them to Nahant, but who came here, with their husbands and friends, plainly attired, in a humble sail-boat, bringing with them all the necessary implements for cooking, to have a clever, out-and-out, rational jollification. I have often heard my mother describe these scenes—and she was certainly one who moved in the "respectable circles of society." After landing the females on the rocks, the men would proceed to the fishing ground, distant only one or two miles, where a supply of cod and haddock was always at hand. On their return to the rocks, with their fish well cleaned, they would find the women prepared to receive them—with their tables neatly spread, for luncheon or for dinner—their fires brightly burning, and their pots and pans ready to make the fish sweat. The men would throw themselves carelessly on the grass, or lounge about the rocks, while the women made the chowders and fried the fish.

Dinner being ready, a horn was sounded and the wanderers came in. What followed, it were quite as easy to imagine as describe, for, in those days, the ladies would drink and enjoy a generous glass of punch, or a modest dash of gin and water, as heartily as their lords. Mr. Gough, the invincible, had not then been abroad: liquors were not drugged in those days—that invention, or discovery, is of modern date, and much practised in the city of Boston as well as in New-York. The distillers will have to sweat for it!

Three or four hours having been spent in innocent hilarity, in dancing and singing, and talking about tender infants, the party, after partaking of an early cup of tea, would get under way for home. If the wind was fair, they would have a pleasant sail and a speedy return; if it was calm, they would be compelled to do—what you and I have often done, colonel:—

——————"Dance all night,
"And go home with the girls in the morning."

In 1817, his majesty the sea-serpent appeared for the first time in the waters of Massachusetts bay. I remember this fact well. His advent at Nahant produced an intense, a fearful excitement among all classes in Boston. The late Marshal Prince seized his "mast-head spy-glass," and took "several observations," the result of which he published in the Columbian Centinel, then edited by his friend, the late Major Russell. Mr. Prince was a most worthy and estimable old gentleman—a little near-sighted, and at times somewhat passionate and enthusiastic; in a word, he was just the man to see the sea-serpent! He discerned the teeth and tongue of the monster most distinctly—almost with the "naked eye"; but when he brought his telescope to bear, oh, ye gods, what discoveries he made! The eyes of the serpent were distinctly seen; and, when his majesty condescended to extend his tongue for the purpose of lapping his huge and illustrious jaws, after eating a barrel of mackerel, there were no bounds to the ecstacy of Marshal Prince's delight. The bumps on his back exceeded those on the back of the cruel Richard, of English history, some dozen or twenty.

I shall never forget the excitement produced by the first accounts received in Boston of the arrival of the sea-serpent in our lower harbor, nor the consequences which grew out of that excitement. The whole story, at this distant day,—now almost thirty years,—would be deemed incredible. Salem witchcraft was no touch to it, in one respect. There was not an old lady at the North-End who did not "shake in her shoes," and some of the clergy and many respectable citizens, partook of this unamiable and childish feeling. It was even feared, by some of the most timid, that, if he once condescended to leave his "native element,"—as the shipbuilders and their accommodating scribes call simple salt water—he would overtop all the houses in the city, occasionally peeping into the scuttle of some gentleman in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, for the purpose of getting a titbit, or spiriting away some Irish maiden lady, of fair proportions and good face. He was not a fortune hunter. Heaven bless him for that; for the home of the sea-serpent is paradise itself when compared with that of an avaricious muckworm, who will neither lend to the Lord nor help his own suffering fellow creatures.

Depend upon it, my dear friend, there was a terrible excitement in Boston and its vicinity when the sea-serpent first visited these shores. The affidavits published at the time on the subject, from fishermen and the crews of Eastern coasters, would fill a volume of five hundred octavo pages. Expeditions to capture the monster were fitted out, without number, from Boston, Salem, Marblehead, Gloucester, and other places on both the North and South shores. The prices of whaleboats and harpoons fluctuated, like those of railroad and other fancy stocks at the present day.

Capt. Rich, an enterprising and experienced seaman, commanded the first boat

that was fitted out.* Much was expected of this expedition ; but it turned out to be a dead failure, notwithstanding a temporary shed, of extensive dimensions, was put up in the vicinity of Faneuil Hall for the reception of his majesty and the accommodation of the universal public. Since that time he has been seen on our coast and "elsewhere," periodically ; but, although frequently pursued, he has never been taken. Every summer you will hear of the capture of one of his half-grown children, in the shape of a mackerel shark, or some other large fish ; but, as yet, nothing has been heard of the destruction of his majesty or his queen. The latter was last seen in one of the inlets on the coast of North Carolina, feeding upon a dead colored man—supposed to have been an unfortunate slave.

Before concluding this prolific and highly interesting topic, I would remark that it has been insinuated—with what truth I am unable to say—that the people of Nahant themselves, the hotel keepers, or some wag of an editor for them, often raised the cry of sea-serpent! when, in fact, his majesty was more than a thousand miles off. I plead guilty to a part of the indictment. And all this was done to induce unsuspecting people to flock to Nahant, to see the monster wag his tail and eat mackerel, while they themselves ate chowder and drank old wine.

But I have said quite as much about the sea-serpent as will be acceptable. It is not important that I should give you *my* opinion about his probable existence.

It is well known that there are excellent fishing grounds near Nahant, and that, consequently, there are many boats off there daily through the summer months. There is excellent fishing from the rocks, for tautaug and perch ; and other kinds of fish have been known to be taken there. A quarter of a mile from the shore cod and

* Note. The sea-serpent first made his appearance on our coast in 1817, which was the "great year for seeing him." He moved about Boston bay, in almost every direction, sticking chiefly to the North shore, the waters near Cape Ann, Half-way rock, Nahant, &c. Sharks and horse-mackerel were constantly in attendance on his majesty. Bulletins in relation to his movements were issued from Gloucester during the travelling season, and published in the Boston Gazette, Centinel, and Palladium, then the leading journals of the city, but now all defunct, and their editors all dead. The Centinel of that year, 10h September, said—"This notorious animal still remains in our waters, and all attempts to take him have been abandoned."

In 1818, his snakeship made his appearance again, and was seen by hundreds of respectable individuals, who described him, very minutely—as he looked to them—mostly under oath. On the 19th of August, of that year, Capt. Rich's expedition was fitted out from Gloucester, and consisted of a large boat and two whale-boats, all fully manned. It was this expedition which was said to have encountered him off Squam. Capt. Rich threw a harpoon into him "about *two feet*," but his majesty broke loose and escaped! Capt. R. and the crews of his boats all conscientiously believed that the creature struck was the veritable serpent. The captain, in his account of the affair, used this language :—

"We struck him fairly, but the harpoon "got loose, and he has not been seen "since ; and I fear the wound he received "will make him more cautious how he "approaches these shores."

But this severe stroke did not finish his majesty. In 1819 he appeared again, and continued on the coast throughout the summer. About this time the infidels of the south began to laugh at the yankees, and to insinuate that they were too credulous on this subject. The Centinel resented the insult, and threw back in their teeth the burning words "southern scoffers!" That Major Russell was quite indignant, will be seen by the annexed extract, from the Centinel of September of that year :—

"It is, perhaps, owing to his established "harmlessness that he has not long since "been taken. Had he exhibited the fero-"city at first attributed to him, or occasion-"ed the death of a single seaman or fish-"erman, the whole coast would have been "alive with his adversaries, and our south-"ern scoffers, if they pleased, have long "since seen his skeleton decorating the "hall of our Linnean society." (?)—In the expressive language of Santa Anna, God and liberty!

haddock are always plenty. Tautaug are found on rocky shores, on both sides of Boston bay; sometimes they are plenty at different points of Phillips's Beach. I have never found them plenty any where. I remember to have caught ten or twelve, one morning, from Black Rock, off Cohasset.

It is not to be wondered at that accidents sometimes occur to fishing boats in this vicinity. I remember one with unaffected grief, for the sufferers, eight in number, were my personal friends. In August 1831, I believe, during one of those sudden squalls from the west which are so common in our bay in mid-summer, the boat Bunker Hill, having on board a fishing party of gentlemen, chiefly young merchants, was suddenly sunk, and only one person left to tell the melancholy tale. Most of them left families. A sad warning this to young men who venture upon the water, to look out for squalls!

(Note—July, 1848.) We are indebted to a friend, who was born at Nahant, and always lived there, for some interesting memoranda, which he penned at our request, and for which he has our thanks.

As late as 1803, there were only five houses at Nahant,—one owned by Mr. Breed, then the wealthiest man in the place, and one by Mr. Hood; both of these families were Quakers. There were two owned by the Johnsons, and another which stood where the building known as "the castle" now stands, which was the first public house in the place, and which was first kept by a man named Leonard, and then by a Mr. Johnson, but no connexion of the present family of that name, which has spread over the peninsula so rapidly. Mr. J. Rice kept the first public house of any account at Nahant, first in the old Breed mansion, which was soon torn down, and afterwards in the building erected in its place, where he has done a successful business for twenty years; and about the time here referred to the Breed estate was sold to the present occupant, and is known as Whitney's hotel—the Breeds having left the peninsula, and removed to Lynn, where the remnant of that family still reside. The Hood and Breed families were farmers, but they were always ready to wait upon visiters, and to furnish them with the comforts of life when required to do so.

The Johnson family were all fishermen. Joseph and Caleb, the heads of the present numerous tribe that now dwell at Nahant, were both married young, and carried on the fishing business with a degree of vigor and enterprise that is rarely equalled: they have both raised up large and respectable families, as might be supposed from this fact. The late Samuel Hammond, Esq., when at Nahant, one day called at the house of Caleb, and inquired for Mrs. Johnson, who has always been known by the agreeable sobriquet of Aunt Olive, and said he wanted to see the woman who had brought up seven sons, and not one bad fellow among the lot. But what is very remarkable, Caleb and his wife are still living; and their seven sons and three daughters have all been well brought up, and are also living, not a death having ever occurred in the family. And what is more—last thanksgiving day, 1847, they were all seated at one table, fifty-six in number, including children and grand children. A good story this, for Nahant: it speaks well for the health of its resident population.*

Colonel Thomas H. Perkins early turned his attention to Nahant, as a place highly favorable for a summer residence. The late Cornelius Coolidge, Esq., also did much towards building it up, by buying land and erecting cottages, and then selling them; he followed this business sev-

* But here is something equally startling, which was cut from one of the newspapers of the city a few days since by a comely widow lady of our acquaintance—"Died, at Wexford, Canada West, Mr. Daniel Aiken, aged 120, having been married seven times: he left 570 grandchildren and great-grandchildren—300 boys and 270 girls."

eral years, until he had built and sold as many as twelve or fifteen. Frederick Tudor, Esq., was the next to take hold, his object being to beautify the peninsula; he caused several thousand trees to be planted, all over the place, which now make a very beautiful appearance. In fact, this gentleman has done more towards improving the looks of Nahant, than all the rest of the summer residents combined.

The names of the persons who own cottages at Nahant, as far as the writer recollects, are as follows, viz. :—T. H. Perkins, T. G. Cary, F. Tudor, the heirs of Mrs. S. G. Perkins, Mrs. Phillips, E. D. Phillips, F. H. Gray, Charles Amory, Mrs. Gardner Green, the heirs of John Hubbard, the heirs of S. Hammond, David Sears, E. H. Robbins, Wm. Amory, Mrs. Prescott, Crowninshield, T. B. Curtis, Misses Inches, T. Whetmore, B. C. Clark, Mr. Lodge, the heirs of N. P. Russell, and Mrs. Rice. The house owned by the heirs of the late Joseph Peabody, of Salem, was formerly a hotel: it was built by C. Coolidge, and was christened in handsome style, by that gentleman and the keeper of it, at its opening. We remember that several gentlemen connected with the city press were present at the table. It was altogether an agreeable occasion.

With regard to the sea-serpent, one word. The old fishermen of Nahant and Phillips's Beach, (very few of them certainly) do not believe in the existence of such a creature; but the prevailing opinion of experienced men is, that the sea-serpent, said to have been so often seen in that vicinity, was nothing more than a horse-mackerel, frolicing in the water. These fish have a peculiar mode of swimming—by standing almost perpendicular in the water, and moving along very majestically—making a wake as large as a steamer for a mile or so, and then again assuming their natural position, and moving along without scarcely making a ripple.

In relation to the health of Nahant we have something to say. We will go back for forty years, and take an average of the people, including visiters, which would not fall short of three hundred yearly: in the whole of that time the deaths have not been over twelve adults, and perhaps as many children, which is equal to one every year in a population of 12,000. There have been three accidents there: one was to a man who was driving a team—he fell, struck his head against a rock, and died immediately; he had two small children with him, who ran to tell the story of their father's death. The second was to an Irishman, who was killed by lightning in Mr. Stephen Codman's barn. The third occurred to a party of young gentlemen from Boston, who were surveying the rocks round Little Nahant: one of them loosened some rocks, when one rolled upon his breast, and crushed him so badly that he died soon after he had been conveyed in a boat to the Nahant hotel. On the whole, we think the like of this cannot be found on the habitable globe.

There is one church at Nahant, which is supplied by preachers, of all denominations, who may happen to be on a visit there and invited to preach. The sum of $15 is allowed for each sermon; and this is more than enough to pay for a week's board at the hotel.

Among the boat accidents off Nahant that which occurred to the Tiger, seven or eight years ago, is deserving of special mention. She went over in a squall and sunk, with six young gentlemen, all of whom were, under Providence, miraculously saved by B. C. Clark, Esq. in the Raven. Well may that gentleman feel proud of his little craft and her exploits.

☞ Since our article about Nahant was put in type, an old friend at that peninsula, to whom we had loaned the manuscript of it—with a request that he would do us the favor to read it—has made some valuable suggestions, and, also at our request, has sent us a communication, with permission to make such use of it as we pleased. We

have availed ourselves of some of his contributions, in a condensed form.

The first private decked boat ever moored at Nahant for the summer was the Mermaid, of 12 tons—this was in 1832 or '33. She remained two summers, and was then sold to William P. Winchester, Esq, who kept her until the Northern Light was launched, when he parted with her. She is still running, and is as pretty as ever—as "good as new."

The next yacht was the Raven, a swift and beautiful sprite of the wave, of 12 tons, and is owned by Benjamin C. Clark, Esq., under whose direction she was built. She took the place of the Mermaid in 1835 or '36, and is still at Nahant. Like the splendid Northern Light of Col. Winchester—than which a more finished and powerful yacht, of her size, never graced the Ocean—the Raven has done good service for her owner, and won numerous laurels, which she bears as gracefully in her beak at the present time as she did when they were first acquired. We refer the reader to a well-written account of one of the successful efforts of the Raven, from the pen of a friend, in another page.

The third was the Susan, of 18 tons, owned by Mr. Lowell. She came soon after the Raven, and was parted with at the end of the season: she now belongs to Mr. Drew. The fourth yacht that had moorings for the whole season was the Avon, of 11 tons, a pretty boat and a fast one. Afterwards came the Brenda, of 30 tons, owned by Mr. David Sears, jr. Next and last was the Cloud, of 22 tons, owned by J. H. Gray, Esq., which took her moorings at the close of the last summer, and proves to be not only a very handsome and comfortable boat, but a good sailer.

The Foam, which is moored nearest the steam-boat wharf, is about four years old, 24 tons, and is owned by Mr. Jonathan Johnson, who allows her to take out parties during the summer. She is one of the swiftest, and at the same time one of the most weatherly vessels of her class in the bay, and a seat in her cabin, with Mr. Jonathan at the helm, is about the safest place that can be found on the ocean.

And while on the subject of yachts belonging to Nahant, we may be permitted to extend our remarks to Phillips's Beach.

At Swamscott, there is no private yacht—save the Breeze, which is owned by William H. Boardman, Esq., as clever a specimen of human nature as ever sailed a boat in a stiff breeze; and she is there only occasionally. She is a good craft, of about 45 tons.

The fishing schooners of Swamscott are superior vessels. The Woodside, the Stars and Stripes, and the Jane, are particularly swift, and the others are "not slow."

The coast, from the Ocean House to the eastward, for three or four miles, (coast of Sumatra, some call it) is quite pretty, and in a stiff norther affords a good lee for fishing and boat-sailing. It is a good neighborhood for codfish.

Tinker's Island, off Marblehead Neck, is a very romantic spot, but is rarely visited except by fishermen; two or three times each summer, perhaps, will be seen there a party from Nahant. It is divided from the Neck by a channel of half a mile, but at low tide a bar of sand and rocks is visible nearly across. There is a house for wrecked seamen on the island.

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NAHANT, AUGUST, 1848.

DEAR SHADE: I have yours of the 11th, and have read the manuscript with pleasure. The touch at the sea-serpent is particularly happy; but I should have handled that "ancient and fishlike" humbug with more severity. You have talked with a good many fishermen; but did you ever find an intelligent one that ever saw the creature? I never did—nor one that believed in its existence.

During the past sixteen summers, I have crossed from Boston to Nahant, and from Nahant to Boston, about twelve hundred times. Each year, when August came—the witching time for the sea-serpent—the places where the mackerel "most do congregate" were visited by horse mackerel. Some of these fish are very large—and when the sea has been without a ripple, I have seen its leaden surface show

the track of a big one to the extent of seventy feet, in a manner that would deceive the keenest eye. But you have seen all this—and have therefore just as surely seen the sea-serpent as I have!

I believe you will find that Capt. Rich captured a horse-mackerel of 17 or 18 feet, and that a place near Fort-hill, (and not Faneuil Hall) was prepared for what the captain truly said was the only sea-snake he could find for the people. It was understood, at one time, that some gentlemen owned a large property, prospectively, in the sea-serpent!

Touching the inhabitants of Nahant, the man, above all others—as you have intimated—deserving unqualified praise, is Mr. Tudor, who has not only done wonders, on his own place, but has, in the kindest manner, and with most excellent judgment, pointed out to his neighbors the *fruits* of his own experience, and freely and gratuitously proffered them the means of encompassing the same advantages. Mr. Coolidge, also, did a great deal towards building up Nahant, as you have mentioned.

In your notice of yachting, do not forget to introduce the Northern Light, and her kind, generous, and gentlemanly owner:—just ask those who know the colonel well, and they will tell you more good of him than I have time to record.

There was a Doctor Eastman who practiced at Nahant and Lynn for two or three years, and who was much respected. A few months ago, (as I heard the story) he made a post-mortem examination of a body in a bad condition, and having a scratch upon one of his hands he became poisoned. He was pretty well satisfied that his life was lost, and called in several professional friends, who agreed with him in opinion, when, with the utmost firmness, he called on those around him and bade them an affectionate farewell; but he soon afterwards left for Maine, where his connexions and early friends resided. He was an excellent man, and therefore entitled to the tribute of a kind remembrance.

I am glad to see you speak well of Mr. Drew, for both he and his wife deserve the very handsome notice you have given them; and it will be the more grateful because, in certain quarters, there exists an ungenerous, if not contemptible disposition, towards the Nahant Hotel. I do not allude to persons who follow the same business, for, so far as Nahant is concerned, they mind their own affairs, but there *is* a class of people who, having no business of their own to attend to, busy themselves in instructing persons far more competent than themselves; and any departure from their gratuitous counsel subjects the daring offender to the grave charge of "democracy!" With us, the true relation between the hotel keeper and his visiters seems not generally to be understood. The former is no more a servant than the lawyer or the physician; and if he offends, the remedy is plain—and escape from him is far easier than it sometimes is from the hands of the professional gentlemen. Nothing is more common than complaints against the best public houses in the country—even the Tremont has not always escaped; and yet the discontented ones are satisfied there is nothing better, and never, or very rarely, desert it. It is not to be supposed, however, that the accomplished keepers of that establishment entertain any particular affection for persons so clearly inconsistent, or that they would step aside *very far*, to perform any extra professional services for them. If they even tolerated them, it would be by the exercise of a strained courtesy, and not from the conviction of any obligation to do so.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST REGATTA AT NAHANT.

On the 19th of July, 1845, a regatta, which had been long talked of, came off at Nahant. It was free for all vessels of not more than 50 tons nor less than 10. The prizes offered were a silver cup valued at $50, and a suit of colors. An allowance of one half a minute per ton was made by the larger boats to the smaller ones on the difference of tonnage. The course run was from Nahant, round the Graves, outside of a station-boat on the northwest side; thence round Egg rock, on the north, back to the judges' boat off Joseph's cove, Nahant. A very large number of persons from Boston and the neighboring towns, were collected to witness the trial—all the eligible points for observation were thronged, and the bay in the neighborhood of the peninsula was studded with boats of every description filled with spectators.

At half past three o'clock the contending yachts, eleven in number, all schooner rigged, were ranged from east to west off the south west bluff, in the following order:—The Nautilus 11 tons, Avon 11 tons, Neptune 11 tons, Raven 12 tons, Pathfinder 12 tons, Naid Queen 15 tons, Gipsey 21 tons, Alert 22 tons, Vision 24 tons, Odd Fellow 30 tons, and Cygnet 31 tons. Their foresails and mainsails were hoisted, and each boat was held by a single line made fast to a separate mooring.

A single glance at the boats would have satisfied any one, that the intrinsic value of the prizes was deemed of small moment in comparison with the claims for superiority; it was evidently to be a trial for championship. The Cygnet, the Odd Fellow and the Vision, were

each celebrated for some particular quality deemed vital in a boat-race. That the prize would fall amongst the largest boats there existed not a doubt, and the chances for the cup were considered to be decidedly in favor of the Cygnet, but by far the most interesting point to be determined was the long mooted question of superiority among the yachts of 11 to 15 tons; these were not business boats, but the productions of scientific amateurs, aiming at speed, and on the score of beauty and condition these little vessels would not have suffered in comparison with the finest boats of any country. They were indeed the picked and chosen ones of the whole bay; each one had her "troops of friends," and each claimed an owner who felt no embarrassment in entering the list for a public trial. Although these yachts were by no means strangers to each other, yet there was a wide difference in opinion in regard to their respective merits; an occasional chance brush in the bay, (with "stores on board," "foul copper," "a skiff in tow," &c.) so far from affording any criterion by which they could be judged, seemed only to mystify their pretensions.

The Nautilus was known to be a very fast boat in smooth water, and on this occasion everything seemed favorable for the development of the good points claimed for her. The Avon maintained a high rank; she was considered a fair match for the Nautilus, in common winds, and her superior in strong breezes; before coming into line she made two or three hitches, and her quick movements greatly encouraged the strong hopes entertained for her by her friends; she was lighter than usual, her ballast having been arranged to suit the breeze.

The Neptune was not so well known as most of the others; she had however a good name, and being but partly decked possessed in that particular an important advantage over all her companions.

The Raven, (long, deep, and sharp,) was widely and favorably known. The Pathfinder was known to be a very weatherly boat and her friends would readily have backed her against any of her companions in size. The Naid Queen, although a boat of excessive beam, was notoriously fast in all kinds of weather.

The Gipsey had established a good name from her performances in strong breezes rather than from her superior excellence in light winds. The Alert was a new boat of great beam, fair lines and small draft. It was not supposed she could do much by the wind, but in running large it was believed she would hurry the best of the fleet.

At a quarter before four, the signal gun was fired—the moorings were dropped, and the jibs run up at the same instant. The start to lookers on seemed a perfect one: and the beautiful appearance of the little vessels, as they flitted away together, elicited much admiration. The wind was from the south east, consequently it was nearly a dead beat to the Graves. The boats started with their larboard tacks aboard and headed for Broad Sound, running four and a half to five knots. Immediately after filling away it was perceived that the Vision, from having a slight advance at the start, had lapped the Odd Fellow, and taken the wind out of her sails, the latter however soon kept off, took the wind out ahead of the former, and passed on ahead.

The Raven from a similar cause suffered in a much greater degree. The Neptune filled away upon her beam, and becalmed her for about twenty minutes. Unlike the Odd Fellow (which was the leeward boat but one in the fleet) the Raven had several boats under her lee bow and could not keep away, to shake the Neptune off, without interfering injuriously with her neighbors. Thus hemmed in she was compelled either to remain in company with the Neptune during the whole tack, or to heave to and let her pass to windward. The latter alternative was submitted to, and her sheets were slacked up until the Neptune had passed ahead several lengths, when the Raven trimmed aft again, crossed her wake, and passed to windward of her. If her rate of sailing after she had cleared the Neptune may be considered a thing to judge by, she must have lost more than a mile from the interference at the start.

At about a quarter past four, the Cygnet, Odd Fellow and Vision, tacked to the eastward. Strong indications of a wind more southerly probably induced this movement. The manœuvre, however, although well designed, was not completely successful, for, notwithstanding the wind did haul slightly to the southward, the three large boats weathered the Graves with difficulty at a limping gait. The next boat was the Raven; after passing half a mile beyond the wake of the others she tacked to the eastward, and passed the Graves, going a wrap full. The Alert followed the Raven; the other boats were now a long way in the rear, and it was quite apparent that the matter was settled so far as they were concerned, still it was a subject of regret that they did not complete the distance named in the conditions of the race, inasmuch as the prize was offered only with a view of ascertaining *how far* the pretensions of the different yachts would be justified by their performances.

The Cygnet and the Odd Fellow passed the Graves nearly together, next came the Vision with the Raven close upon her—up to this period the Raven was in good time, for the first prize, but it was considered that in working to windward her best play had been seen, and that on the return, in running at large, her raking masts and heavy draft would cause her to drop far astern of the larger boats, whose arrangements and ability for going free were supposed to be vastly superior.

Upon squaring away, however, this opinion proved to be ill founded, for when half of the distance between the Graves and Egg Rock had been made, it was obvious that the Raven had not only neared the head boats considerably, but had also dropped the Alert still farther astern. When abreast of Egg Rock one of the crew of the Odd Fellow fell overboard; in rounding to pick him up she lost some minutes. The Raven also lost some time by jibing her

foresail and standing for the exposed individual.

From the commencement of the race the wind had been gradually increasing, and when the boats hauled on a wind under the lee of Egg Rock the breeze was quite fresh. They passed the station boat off East Point, Nahant, running at least nine knots, and came to abreast of the judges' boat in beautiful style in the following order. Cygnet at 6, 12; Vision at 6, 14; and the Raven at 6, 16—the latter boat taking the first prize, with some minutes to spare—the second prize was awarded to the Vision.

The detention of the Odd Fellow, although it may have prevented her coming in as early as the Cygnet, did not affect the chance for a prize. The result, so far as the Raven was concerned, was deemed most extraordinary, and her performance elicited considerable speculation. By some it was thought that the allowance of time was too great, but others, more skilled in nautical matters, considered that if it were so, the prizes would both have fallen to boats of the Raven's class, whereas it appears that neither the Avon, Neptune, Nautilus, Naid Queen or the Pathfinder, were or could have been within four or five miles of even the second prize, which was taken by a boat of 24 tons, in a close contest with the two yachts of 30 and 31 tons. The distance sailed (about 20 miles) was performed by the leading boats, in about 2½ hours, which, considering the wind at the start, was excellent time.

Thus closed one of the most beautiful and exciting regattas ever witnessed in this country.

The skill and propriety evinced in getting up the exhibition were equalled only by the perfect harmony and good feeling which marked its close.

While upon matters connected with the sea, we have thought that the following capital story, illustrating the dangers of yacht sailing in Boston bay, would be acceptable to readers. It originally appeared in the Boston Atlas :—

NARROW ESCAPE IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Towards the close of a beautiful afternoon in July, just as the setting sun had shed his last rays upon the lofty canvass of a ship in the offing, and the small fishing schooners were returning, like sea-gulls, to their wave-girdled nests, three amateur yachters started from Gloucester, in a pretty yacht of about ten tons, bound for Nahant. The wind was light from the westward; of course, there was no prospect of a quick run, but the evening was delightful; indeed, it was one of those nights when "fear may lay him down to sleep." The day, however, had been intensely warm, and a scorching sun had given denotement of one of those sudden and violent changes which are not unfrequent in midsummer.

At about 11 o'clock, the sky in the north looked portentous; a pitch black cloud had risen a few degrees above the horizon, and spread along from the northwest to the northeast. The appearance was wild and threatening, and an occasional gleam of lightning indicated that it contained the elements of strife; the atmosphere, too, had become close. These indications where unheeded by the yachters; they cared no more for the thunder-cloud than they did for the smoke of the "regalias" which curled over their heads; the boat was a good one—"she had braved it before, and could brave it again," and come what might, they were in shape for it.

In a light wind the tiller does not minister much to the poetry of sailing, and companionship with it at such a time is not desirable; consequently, on this occasion the helm was relieved half a dozen times before midnight, and but little regard paid to the course of the yacht. At about half-past twelve the moon went down, the breeze freshened, and a haze set in which obscured the horizon. The Boston and Long Island lights, however, were dimly visible in the distance. Nothing material occurred until half-past one, when the flapping of the sails (the boat had been brought suddenly to the wind,) and the shout from the helm "below there!" aroused the two sleepers. "It is a squall?" cried one of them, as he coolly stepped up the companionway. "No," replied the helmsman, "the smut in the north has settled away, but look yonder." "A rock!" shouted the other, rubbing his eyes. "There must have been wild steering, somewhere, for we are on the Cohasset side—fill away to the northward." The yacht was then kept away north by east. Each professed to believe he had seen one of the Cohasset rocks, but at the same time felt that owing to the variety of steering, the current, and the haze, they were quite as likely to be somewhere else. This feeling, however, indneed only an indifferent lookout, and with an increasing breeze they sped along merrily. Not more than twenty minutes had elapsed before the watch forward cried, "breakers ahead! hard down your helm!"

The boat shot clear, but near enough to show a small greyish rock, around which the water must have been bold, as the break was very slight. The yacht was brought to the wind again, and a council held The first rock could not have been on the Cohasset shore, as north by east would have cleared every thing. What was it, then? It must have been the Hardings, and the one just passed must have been the Northeast Breaker, off the Graves,—but the Graves were not visible; that was no doubt owing to the mist which had now settled close all around. The bearings of the outer light, however, conflicted with this calculation, but the compass rested on the floor of the cabin, and might have been influenced by the pig iron directly below it; at any rate, the rock last seen might have been the Northeast Breaker, and away they went, heading north, the helmsman humming a boat song to the tune of a cracking breeze. They soon recollected that the northeast breaker was a dark kelp-covered rock, altogether unlike the one they had just passed—on the other hand, the mist might have caused this unusual appearance. For a moment there was a slight manifestation of distrust, but the song, the witty remark, and the joyous laugh which followed, showed that it was but a momentary feeling—"a rap full," was the word and on she went, while "a wake like the

maelstrom was boiling behind." So true is it that

"We dance on a loom that may weave us a shroud."

In less than ten minutes there was a simultaneous exclamation, "Rocks!" and under the lee bow was seen a cluster of a dozen, so near that as the sea laved them a fitful gleam of phosphoric light was distinctly visible. In an instant the yacht was on the other tack—a sound like the surf of some beach was now heard:—this added to the embarrassment of the moment, and as no one ventured any farther opinion as to the whereabouts of the little vessel, it was deemed best to anchor. Safety was now the only thing to be consulted.

The yacht was sharp, deep, heavily ballasted, and of delicate construction; a blow, therefore, on a craggy rock, would have sent her down in two minutes. Moreover, the danger was magnified by the singular fact that the water was quite bold, no soundings having been found in less than seven fathoms.

While the boat was moving ahead slowly, her sails shaking, and before the cable could be overhauled and the anchor keyed, the man at the helm shouted "more rocks, by the ghost of Cæsar!" There they were—five of them, just on the lee beam—small, grey, and nearly upon a level with the sea! The boat was brought to the wind immediately, her foresail dropped, and the jib left to windward—the ebb tide had nearly done, and by the lead it was found that the boat was nearly stationary, or at worst, drifting slowly over the track she had passed. The compass was now placed in the standing room, but it told the same story. *If it was correct*, every thing was right, as Long Island Light bore southwest by it. They had no chart, but they remembered that south west, with a moderate draft, was a good course for Long Island Head.

They remained in this position (awaiting the day-light) for an hour, descanting upon the singularity of their adventure, and upon the unaccountable things they had seen, when to their mortal horror they made a heap of rocks directly ahead, in the very range of the Light, which still bore southwest! This appearance was the more astounding, inasmuch as the yacht had scarcely steerage-way upon her, and yet the rocks were close aboard, and apparently nearing them fast—so rapidly indeed that there was not time to keep the boat away—one was already under her bowsprit. All hands now sprang forward, and applying their united strength to a strong boat hook, they succeeded in breasting off—not the boat—but a large *straw bed*—one of a hundred and fifty, which, having been discharged from the immigrant ships in quarantine the afternoon before, had been quietly drifting down the Sound, to the great annoyance of the "yachters," with whose company and respectful attention they had been honored for about four hours!

NAHANT, AUGUST, 1848.

In the way of romantic and exciting facts, much might be found if you had time to look it up. Some seventeen winters ago, Mr. Caleb Johnson started in the Lafayette (I think) from Cape Cod. With him were two schooners bound for Swamscott. At about 4, P. M. it came on to blow from the eastward, and a thick snow storm set in.

Capt. Caleb put her away for Boston and ran with an increasing gale for some time, when the boat struck heavily, but passed on. Whether the rock they had rubbed upon so hard was the Hardings, or whether it was one of the scattering breakers which lie nearer the south shore, was unknown to them; but in either case their situation was most alarming. With that promptness and nerve which characterise the fishermen of Massachusetts bay, the Capt. resolved that they had passed over the Hardings and he steered accordingly. If he was right, the chance was still a desperate one; if wrong, destruction was sure. The pumps were now sounded, but, notwithstanding the blow she had received was a severe one, the little craft continued tight; the blasts grew longer and louder, and to escape the heavy sea astern the boat was crowded to the last inch of canvass she could bear, and her masts bent like whip sticks.

Suddenly the sea seemed all in heaps, and the combers broke over the vessel in every direction. It was evidently the wind contending with a strong adverse current, and the captain, hoping it might be the ebb tide in the channel, passed the helm to his son, remarking as he went forward, "we shall be *somewhere* soon." In two minutes after he shouted from the fore rigging—"hard down your helm—its all right!" And for an instant was seen just over the foremast head, the "Light dimly burning." They soon shot into darkness again, but the skipper had said "it was all right," and it was so, for *them*, for they run for the Spit, made it,—threaded their way through the Narrows and the shipping in the upper harbor, and soon made fast near the end of Long wharf. But their companions of the afternoon were less fortunate; one of them, in a shattered condition, got into Swamscott; the other went to pieces on the Pigs rocks (about three miles northeast of Nahant,) and all hands were lost.

Towards midnight Capt. Johnson, not liking the sound of the weather, stepped from his berth to go on deck, when he found two feet of water in the cabin of the boat. Upon examination afterwards, it appeared miraculous that the schooner ever reached even Light House channel—so peculiarly dangerous was the damage she had sustained near her garboard.

I am somewhat weary, but will mention one more incident, which happened some

twenty-three years ago, in midwinter. Two Nahant fishermen, (I do not remember their names, but they were distinguished) started from Boston in a dory for Nahant. They had money and articles for their families, the proceeds of the week's business. It was on a Saturday. At Point Shirley they stopped for a cup of tea; after which, and against the advice of their host, they resumed their voyage in the face of a hard NE. wind After pulling about an hour, they were completely shrouded in darkness—the wind had freshened, and it was obvious that they were making but small headway; the sea had also risen—so much so indeed that to return was out of the question. There was no shore to leeward near which a boat could have lived for one moment; their only chance, then, was to go ahead; and they tugged manfully. In proportion as the case grew desperate, they parted with their freight, and, package by package, one half of it had been thrown overboard, but with some degree of reluctance, for these men were formed to grapple with the shark, and not inclined to yield to common difficulties. The wind continued to increase until it blew a perfect gale. Finding it impossible to keep her from swamping, with any extra weight on board, the boat was cleared of every thing but the money. and they buckled to the oars again. They had scarcely began to realise any advantage from their altered trim before the snow began to fly thickly—and in less than twenty minutes the poor little craft was carrying weight again.

At this moment, they thought the water seemed to be a little smoother, and that consequently they must be nearing some part of Nahant—hastily they scooped out the snow which had collected in the boat, and again bent to their oars; encouraged by the certainty that they were slowly making a lee they steadily applied their remaining strength, uncertain yet, if it would be of any avail; one of them, less hardy than his companion, was about to yield when the welcome sound of the sea dashing heavily upon the rocks burst upon them. The first words spoken for an half hour was in their simultaneous and joyous exclamation, "breakers"—in a few minutes they made the outline of bold land close aboard; this they judged (and rightly) to be Bass Point; they followed the shore along to the northward, till they came to a spot where "grates the keel upon the yellow sand," when they beached the dory, and loaded with ice and snow waded a mile to their cottage with scarcely strength enough remaining to raise its door latch.

LETTER II.

Apple Island—the late Mr. Marsh—his romantic history—destruction of his house by fire, &c.

NAHANT, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

On my passage to Nahant, in the steamer General Lincoln, Capt. Betts, I passed "Apple Island," a place somewhat celebrated on account of a mysterious gentleman, by the name of Marsh, having lived there a great number of years. He brought up a large family on the island, was finally taken sick, and died about the year 1834: I believe he was buried on the island. His house was burned two or three years afterwards.

I do not remember that I ever passed Apple Island, in the Nahant steamer, but some one of the passengers had a curious story to tell about Mr. Marsh, and the manner in which he obtained a permanent foothold on that inviting spot of earth. The most rational and authentic account of him I have ever listened to was related to me by an old friend, who is as familiar with every thing connected with the history of the islands in Boston harbor as you are with your own paste-pot and scissors. The story runs thus:—

Somewhere about the year 1813—in the midst of our war with Great Britain—Mr. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, who was a native of England, mysteriously landed on the beach at an out-of-the-way place called Germantown, between Quincy and Weymouth. It is an excellent place to bathe, at high water: I have often buffetted the "saucy waves" there, and it is said to be a favorite resort of J. Q. Adams, for the purpose of bathing in the summer months. I would here remark that Germantown is a part of the town of Quincy. Mr. Marsh had with him two females, one of whom passed as his wife, and the other as her assistant. He ob-

tained possession of, a small house on this shore where he lived for many months, without having the least intercourse with any family in the vicinity, or holding conversation with any one whose curiosity might attract him to the spot. His life was spent in entire seclusion, and his companions mixed as little with the world as he himself. It is true, he would sometimes wander up to the village, to purchase a few groceries and other comforts of life; but he rarely made unnecessary conversation with any one—merely paying for such articles as he had occasion to purchase, in gold or silver, of which, it was said, he had a considerable quantity with him.

Several months having passed away, including those of a severe winter season, the residents of the houses in the neighborhood began to talk very openly against him, and to throw out frightful inuendoes. This was in true yankee character. If he was not the devil, he was certainly one of his imps! Finally, it was decided that Mr. Marsh and his companions must be driven away, by some means or another, from their quiet resting place. They were not considered precisely as ghosts, or hobgoblins; but then there was a certain something about them which induced the timid people of Germantown and its vicinity to denounce them as unearthly beings, strongly imbued with the scent of brimstone. They made known their desires and intentions to Mr. Marsh, and he, for self-preservation, consented to remove from Germantown, with his family, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. In a few days Mr. Marsh succeeded in purchasing a sail-boat, of about ten tons, with which he removed his family, and what little furniture and provisions they had, and, after paying his rent honorably, took leave of his persecutors with becoming meekness and dignity. It was high spring-time—about the first of May. There was a genial warmth in the sun, and a quietness on the bosom of the sea, which were cheering and comforting to a man who had seen better days, and who had been thus rudely treated, by his fellow creatures, in a land of boasted freedom, intelligence and hospitality.

He put off from the beach with his stanch boat, under a clear sky and with a free breeze, and shaped his course for the land on the opposite shore, in the direction of Chelsea, where he made a temporary landing, on what is called Hog Island. He spent a part of his time there, but most of it, the whole of the succeeding summer and fall, in cruising about the islands in Boston harbor—occasionally landing to procure fresh provisions and water, but never making a long visit. He and his associates literally lived on the water for more than six months, almost always finding safe anchorage as the night approached, and never meeting with the least accident. They were known as the "floating family." Hog Island, however, appeared to be the favorite resting place of Mr. Marsh at this time, whenever he landed any where with his family. His movements were noticed by the owner of that island, as well as by others, and he was finally ordered off, lest he might become a permanent squatter. He quietly submitted to the mandate of Mr. Breed, and sought a resting place elsewhere.

Winter was now fast approaching. The cold north wind whistled cheerlessly through the rigging of his faithful little craft, and the waves of old Ocean showed their white and threatening foam, at all hours of the day and night. It was at a season like this, when every thing conspired to dishearten Mr. Marsh and his family, that he formed a plan of making a lodgment on Apple island for the winter.

In the month of November, 1814, he safely removed his "little all" from his boat to that island, and took possession of a small uninhabited house, which, as I have been informed, had been built many years before by a family of catholics, who left it suddenly, during the revolutionary war, for "parts unknown." In this little habitation, Mr. Marsh and his

companions found comfortable quarters for the winter. He had nearly provisions enough to last him until the opening of the spring, but such articles as he stood in need of he would procure from vessels passing up and down the harbor, always paying a generous price for every thing he purchased. Being an excellent shot, and having a trusty fowling piece, with plenty of ammunition, he rarely felt the want of game,—an abundance of which is always to be found in the vicinity of Apple island, from November to April,—while the sand and the sea yielded up their rich treasures to him, in any quantity his wants required. In this way he spent the winter very comfortably. As the season of spring approached, he began to feel confidence in the stability of his new position, and to cast about for some new employment—to see, as Robinson Crusoe's "Man Friday" often did, what he should do next. Having a taste for agricultural pursuits, he contrived to purchase several farming implements and some garden seeds; and with these, and the kelp and rock-weed which he gathered in abundance upon the shore, he began his labors as a farmer and a philanthropist. His exertions were crowned with success. In the language of St. Pierre, he "made two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before;" summer smiled upon his laudable efforts, and autumn crowned them with an abundance of the fruits of the earth. All this time he continued unmolested in his new abode—he was sole monarch of the little spot of earth on which he worked so cheerfully, and so gratefully. Apple island was frequently visited by fishing parties during the summer, but no one treated him or his associates with rudeness or incivility, while they, on the other hand, did every thing in their power, to make their visiters comfortable. Mr. Marsh himself is said to have been a perfect gentleman in his manners and in his feelings.

As early as the period of which we are now speaking, there was a singular mystery hanging over Mr. Marsh and his family, in the minds of all who visited Apple island; and the stories which were circulated in relation to them were numerous, and some of them of a character to amuse, if they did not astonish every one who listened to them.

It was not long before Mr. Marsh had his island in a comfortable condition for the wants of his family. He built a small barn, and one or two other out-houses; and among the new tenants which he introduced to his family circle were several of the swinish multitude, a cow, a number of hens, ducks, dogs, and cats: and, like a true philosopher, as he was, he made up his mind to spend the remainder of his days there, unless he was driven from the island, as he had been previously from Germantown, by the suspicious and uncooth residents of that obscure place, and from Hog island, by Mr. Breed, its then new proprietor.

No one molesting Mr. Marsh, his good lady soon began to make demonstrations that were highly gratifying to him, and to vie with the soil in producing something besides pumpkins—something that should comfort her faithful lord in his old age. The first of the little Marshes began to show his head about the time that potatoes, corn, turnips, and cabbages were ripe; and there was, naturally, much rejoicing "all about the lot."

Time rolled on and Mr. Marsh continued to enjoy quiet possession of Apple island. He would visit Boston, occasionally, in the summer season, and make his appearance in State-street, interchanging the compliments of the season with some of our most respectable citizens. His dress and address always bespoke the gentleman; and, to the day of his death, the mystery in relation to him, which commenced with his first appearence among us, was continued. He was too much of a riddle for yankee cursioity to penetrate or solve. He brought up a large family of children—four sons, and as many daughters, if I mistake not, some of whom are married and reside in the city of Boston or its vicinity.

Some time after Mr. Marsh's death, his family removed to the city. The island is now the property of his heirs, who, I believe, have made several unsuccessful attempts to sell it. To conclude, I will add that there is some romance in this story, as well as much interest. I obtained my facts from an intimate friend of the late Mr. Marsh, and they are as nearly accurate as it is possible to have them, for he was a man who had but few "secrets," even for the members of his own family. He kept every thing to himself.

LETTER III.

Deer Island—Dancing parties—Captain Tewksbury and his successful exertions in saving the lives of some twenty-five persons—liberal rewards given by the Humane Society for his philanthropic and efficient efforts—remarkable case of money digging, near Money Head Bluff, in 1824*—some account of the island and the public institutions there.*

NAHANT, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

DEER ISLAND, opposite Point Shirley, which I passed on my way to this peninsula, is a place that I never look upon without thinking of my "boyhood days." How many hours of innocent pleasure I have enjoyed on that green spot of earth, in my early youth, when it was customary, in the summer months, for the "lads and lasses" of the different religious societies in the city, accompanied by their parents and clergymen, to visit Mr. Tewksbury, and make his halls ring with their jocund mirth, their music, and their dance. But those days are gone, and with them some of the most elegant women, and some of the worthiest fellows, that ever trod the earth, or figured on the floor of a ball-room. We are all going the same road, my dear colonel, as fast as time can carry us.

Capt. Tewksbury, the "hero of Deer Island," has recently removed to East Boston, where, I understand, he has purchased a house, but has been living at Point Shirley for some years past. He has brought up a large family in that vicinity, having lived on Deer Island twenty-five or thirty years, during which time his exertions in saving men from drowning were characterized by boldness and energy—and in almost every instance they were crowned with success. In his philanthropic efforts, he has at different times received valuable assistance from the members of his family. When I tell you that he and his sons have been the means, under divine favor, of saving between *twenty-five and thirty* human beings from a watery grave, you will have some idea of the extent of their labors. In one instance, if my memory does not fail me, as many as sixteen persons, in a fishing party, from Dorchester and Roxbury, were saved by them under the most remarkable and daring circumstances. The whole party, except a poor colored waiter, who imploringly turned up the whites of his eyes and "gave up the ghost," even when there was hope, were rescued from the waves, although they were upset a mile from the shore, and the wind at the time was blowing a gale from the west. In another instance, a party of five men were saved. The records of the *Humane Society* show that they have often been called upon to reward Mr. Tewksbury and his family with medals and money, for their bold and successful exertions in saving human life. When the worthy old gentleman dies, a monument should be erected to his memory, near the scene of his philanthropic and fearless exploits, to remind generations to come that so noble and bold a spirit once lived and breathed in the land.

There is an amusing story, all about money digging, which is related with considerable gravity by some of the good people who reside at Deer Island and at Point Shirley. Shall I tell it to you as it was told to me? Very well, here goes!

There is a place on Deer Island, at the extreme South East point of it, called Money Head Bluff. In 1824 a party of individuals from Boston, headed by

Capt. Crooker, proceeded to this spot to dig for money, a large quantity of which was supposed to have been buried there during the revolutionary war. Capt. Kidd had nothing to do with *that* lot.* Crooker's party consisted of Capt. William Tewksbury and Mr. Brown, of the island, and Messrs. Tuttle, Green, Boynton, and Henry, of Boston, besides two boys who belonged on the island. It will thus be seen that this party was composed of six men and two boys, all of whom were "armed and equipped, according to law." They were headed by Crooker, who carried in his hands two sounding-rods; and, at his request, the party — who were urgently admonished by him not to say a word— marched in single file from the house of Capt. Tewskbury to the bluff: how they must have looked, ha! Having proceeded about half the distance, it was discovered that the party had no Bible, to "keep the evil spirit off." Mr. Brown, who now keeps the telegrapic station on Central-wharf, was sent back to obtain one, and the party awaited his return in solemn silence. Not being able to find a Bible, Mrs. Tewksbury thoughtlessly sent a spelling-book; and as soon as Mr. Brown (who had a waggish disposition at the time—as he probably has now,) returned with his precious charge, the party moved on, to the old willow tree, under which—as Solomon Swap would say—they were to make their "eternal fortunes." Capt. Crooker, before commencing operations, addressed the party, enjoining upon them the most profound silence. He stated that, if any one spoke, while the digging was going on, the expedition would inevitably be disastrous, and the consequences fatal to some of them, as the evil spirit would rise up and blast them with his vaporous breath, if he did not unceremoniously carry them away. He proceeded to draw a circle of about twenty feet, over which he passed his sounding rods several times. Opening the spelling-book — which he thought was the sacred volume — with great solemnity, placing it on the ground, and taking off his hat, he said, in an emphatic tone of voice, "THIS IS THE PLACE." He then commenced digging—the party all the time standing mute. "Either stand in the circle, or sit on the grass, gentlemen —just as you please; but by all means be silent"—said the captain, as he stuck the first pick-axe into the ground. Green and Tuttle commenced digging, as soon as the captain made a sign for them to do so. They dug three feet into the "bowels of the earth," when they struck a spring of water, which gushed out so fast that they became terrified. The captain promptly explained the cause of this, and they resumed their labors, the party all the rest of the time continuing within the circle, and as silent as death. Having dug to the depth of six feet, Crooker took one of the party aside, and had a serious conversation with him, which lasted several minutes. He than exclaimed, with a gravity irresistibly ludicrous, that the spirit had been disturbed, and was near them, but he was visible to no one but himself, as he alone had disturbed him. "He has light complexion and sandy hair," said the captain. At this speech, the boys laughed heartily, when the captain flew into a tremendous passion, and, with uplifted hands, fell upon his knees, exclaiming—"the charm is broken! the spirit is still following me! don't be surprised, my friends, if you see a phantom ship go up the channel within an hour!"

The laugh now became general, and the party retired — some of them heartily ashamed of the scrape into which they had been dragged by the captain, and others, who had no faith in the enterprise

* Although Capt. Kidd was never in our waters, yet there are hundreds of ignorant people in this vicinity who seriously believe that that famous bucanier planted thousands of dollars, in gold and silver, the spoils of his plunder, in different parts of New-England Within our remembrance, a party of colored gentlemen, from the Hill, so called, were driven from the Common, at midnight, for turning up the soil to the depth of several feet in search of Kidd's money. It was about a week before what was known at the time as "nigger 'lection."

from its commencement, shaking their "unfed sides" at the folly of which they had been eye witnesses.

There is another story, about money digging on Snake Island, in the vicinity of Deer Island, but it is destitute of interest.

(NOTE—AUGUST, 1848.) We are indebted to a friend for the following interesting memoranda:—

Deer Island is the property of the city of Boston, and received its name from the circumstance that the wolves, according to the Indians, hunting in packs, were in the habit of gathering deer in a drove towards Shirley Point, forcing them to swim over the Gut, to the island, where they commenced their slaughter.

At an early period in the history of Boston, the proprietors of town lots became apprehensive that the descendents of the original owners —the Indians—might institute claims; and to forever put the matter to rest, the grandsons of Chickataubut, the sagamore of the peninsula, nearly fifty years after the settlement of the town, not only gave a quitclaim to the whole territory, for a trifling consideration, but included in the same instrument Deer Island. It was in this way that it became the property of the city. Curious as it may appear, the quantity of arable land on the island is about as large as it appears to have been one hundred and fifty years ago. There has been a prodigious waste by the encroachment of the sea at some points, and accessions of barriers, by the upheval force of the waves, at others. Between two and three acres, near the Centurion, originally formed by the peculiar action of currents, during the progress of ages, was swept away in a single night, by the raging of an easterly storm, some thirty years since, carrying upon its unstable surface a flock of sheep.

Much alarm having been excited in 1825, in regard to the destructive effects of the wear and tear of the islands, endangering the channels of the harbor, the government erected an expensive sea-wall, embracing the whole north and northeastern margin. which was built of huge granite blocks, locked together in the most exposed places, with copper dowels. Some years were required to complete the undertaking, which is exceedingly massive, and far exceeded in cost the original appropriation made by congress.

From generation to generation Deer Island was used for agricultural purposes, till May 1847, when, in consequence of the development of disease in emigrant vessels from Europe, the old quarantine station at Rainsford Island was abandoned, temporarily, on account of the small dimensions of the territory, and all sickly vessels were ordered to be anchored on the southerly side of Deer Island. Extensive ranges of hospital edifices were speedily raised, and a spirited determination of the municipal authorities was manifested, to make the poor, wretched immigrant, as comfortable in his forlorn condition of sickness and utter destitution, as the circumstances under which he was placed would allow. A detailed statistical account of the conveniences and general organisation of the establishment, in its character of an Irish immigrant hospital, for the temporary relief of the sick, arriving in the port of Boston, is unnecessary. The expense, however, far exceeded the expectations of the public, and although every fraction should have been re-embursed by the legislature, the city, thus far, from all appearances, will have to suffer a heavy pecuniary loss.

The island being leased as a farm, at the period when needed for its present use, $400 was given to cancel the lease—and then there followed an expense of 71,988 48. There were received into the city treasury, in the form of a capitation tax of $2 on each passenger, 54,948 87. The state now take the whole revenue from that source; and the city is hereafter to carry in an account against the commonwealth, and take such compensation as may be allowed by the committee on accounts, out of the immigrant fund.

LETTER IV.

Point Shirley, and an account of a remarkable occurrence there—Chelsea—East Boston—Lynn —Swampscott Fishermen—Salem.

NAHANT, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

As you well know, Point Shirley is separated from Deer Island by a strait, which is called Pulling-Point Gut. At times, the tide runs through this passage with a fearful rapidity, and the shore is uncommonly bold. A few years ago a master baker, who had drawn a high prize in one of the Southern lotteries, while laboring under a fit of *delirium tremens*, attempted to drive across the Gut, notwithstanding the admonitions and earnest entreaties of several persons who were eye-witnesses to his folly. He had a spirited horse, and an elegant gig. As he reached the edge of the shore he gave his horse a severe cut with the whip, and away dashed the infuriated animal—the crazy man exclaiming, as he went, that he would show the spectators a feat that Bonaparte had not courage to perform!

The horse and gig struck the water almost at the same moment: such was the velocity of the stream, that the gig turned

immediately over, spilling its valuable contents, which floated along with the current. Horse, gig, cushions and driver, were soon separated, as if by a "great effort of nature," instead of the rashness and folly of a drunken individual. The horse and man were drowned: the body of the latter, the least valuable article of the lot, was found in a few hours, and the gig was also recovered. This was a decidedly fatal spree; and it was a little mysterious, that the horse was enabled to disengage himself from his harness so soon after touching the water.

From appearances, I think that many acres of Point Shirley have been washed away by the sea within the last fifty years; and this opinion is strengthened by the representations of the oldest female resident of the place, who is now rising eighty years of age. The point runs off a considerable distance from the main land, and that the bluff is rapidly washing away,—as is the case with some of the islands in the harbour,—will not be disputed by any one at all acquainted with the subject. A sea-wall is much wanted there: that at Deer Island has been of great service in protecting the bluff from the wasting influence of the sea.

In riding from Point Shirley to Boston, you can pass through Chelsea, which is a pleasant route. Chelsea, you know, is one of the most quiet towns in the country, and an excellent summer residence. It has been built up, like East Boston, almost in a day: twenty-five years ago, in the latter place, there was but one small house, and that belonged to Mr. Williams—now, it has several hundred houses, and a population of about seven thousand.* It would be an Herculean task, for any man to pourtray with an accurate pencil the increase of population, and the vast improvements, which have taken place, in the towns surrounding Boston within the period I have named.

There are several ship yards at East Boston, at which about two hundred workmen are constantly employed; the carpenters receive from $2 to $2,50 per day—the laborers, of course, receive much less. A number of elegant ships have been recently launched there—two of them of seven hundred tons each. There is also an extensive sugar refining establishment, which gives employment to about one hundred men, Germans and Americans. It is eight stories high, and is owned by a few capitalists of Boston, who are said to divide twenty per cent. profits annually. There are over one hundred houses, principally brick, now going up. Real estate pays well; houses which cost only $1600, including the land, readily let for $175 to 200 per annum—half a mile from the steam-boat landing. About half the people who reside at East Boston do their business in the city. It stands in about the same relation to Boston, that Brooklyn does to New-York; and, although large fortunes have been sunk there, by injudicious land speculators, small fortunes have been made by industrious, deserving mechanics: it is now going ahead with railroad speed, and nothing can stop its onward march to prosperity, greatness, and wealth. The foundries and shops at this thriving place give constant employment to hundreds of laborers and artisans.

Lynn is another town which has experienced much improvement in its business and growth within a few years; and it is still destined to enjoy a larger share of prosperity, for its inhabitants are enterprising, industrious, intelligent, and determined to keep pace with the wants and improvements of the age. There are two or three hotels in Lynn, and in the summer season many people in Boston are in the habit of boarding there. The shoe manufacturing business is carried on more extensively in Lynn, than in any other town in New-England. In the money pressure of 1836 and

(*Note—June, 1848.)—Since this was written the growth of East Boston has been rapid beyond any thing that was evdreamed of by any of the "oldest inhabitants." The population cannot be less than ten thousand, at this time; it will soon be large enough to be a city by itself.

'37, it suffered severely—almost every large manufacturer failed—and the labors of all classes were suspended. It is now, however, again in a very promising condition.

The railroad has done something to build up the town of Lynn, as it is now only twenty minutes ride from Boston to that flourishing hive of industry.

This facility in travelling between the two places has also been of advantage to the keepers of public houses at Phillips's beach, which, I understand, have been overrun the whole summer. The new "Rockaway House," which has an elegant location, and faces the broad Ocean, has been crowded with agreeable company, who have showered the most flattering compliments upon their worthy host. This place has crept along wonderfully within a few years; and Mr. William Fenno is entitled to the credit of having built the first public house there. His lady is competent, intelligent, and efficient—perhaps as much so as any one that ever had the management of a large house of entertainment. There are some excellent and highly productive farms in that vicinity belonging to the Phillips family, who are wealthy, and raise large quantities of produce for the Salem and Boston markets. The foreign winter marrow-squash has a vigorous growth there. When I was in the habit of visiting Phillips's beach, many years ago, there was but one house of entertainment—and that was a modest, unfashionable little building, in which there was as much solid comfort as is usually found at the large hotels on the sea shore. The old lady who made the chowders, and fried the fish, will ever live in my memory, for I remember that she wore spectacles, that she was an excellent cook, that her tumblers and wine-glasses were always wiped with a clean napkin, and that it delighted her to see a visiter enjoy a good cigar. Such a woman was a treasure once; and the thought of it

———"makes some men grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve."

In taking leave of Phillips's Beach, permit me to say a word about the fishermen at Swamscott—a hardy and industrious race of men, who spend much of their time on the "Ocean wave," in both winter and summer. The habits of these men are remarkable. Each one has a dory of his own, and in this he rows off cross-handed, two or three miles, to the fishing ground below Egg Rock and Nahant—generally taking advantage of a flood-tide to commence operations. Having all things ready, he begins to fish, and continues that healthful exercise for several hours. As he makes a *business* of it, he never becomes tired, like an effeminate landsman, and rarely "throws up his line" until the state of the tide admonishes him to return home. Reaching the shore again, he finds men in waiting, with their wagons, to purchase the spoils of their labors for the Salem and other neighboring markets. He weighs out the fish, and delivers and receives the money for them. It is entirely a cash business; and the earnings of a fisherman vary from two to five dollars a day—according to the luck he has upon the water. I have seen one—a few years since—receive ten dollars for his fare; that was on a forenoon, however, of uncommon success. In this way, with his own hands, with no capital invested, save that which God and Nature have furnished him, and with only a few hours toil daily in fair weather, he supports his family well. With good health, iron nerves, habits of sobriety and economy, he stands in need of no assistance from others; but, in every sense of the word, he is independent, beyond the reach of want and the flattery of false friends, and feels "as happy as a clam at high water." This is a true picture of a Swamscott fisherman.

I have seen some fifty or sixty of these men return to the beach at the same time, all of whom found a ready sale for their fares—some of which were good and others indifferent. They generally wear long boots, tarpaulin hats, short jackets, and oilcloth trowsers: after arriving at the

beach, they have to do much of their "cleaning up" while standing in the water.

I cannot close this letter without saying a word about Salem, a city in which there are many "merchant princes," much commercial enterprise, and an industrious, intelligent population. That place is visited daily by strangers from the city, who spend a few hours very agreeably, in examining the curiosities in the East India museum—looking at the house in which old Capt. White was murdered by Richard Crowninshield, and other objects of interest—and in eating a good dinner; they then return to Boston, with an improved and contented mind, and a full stomach. But Salem has been so long, and so justly celebrated, for its enterprise and wealth, its merchants and navigators have been so well and so favorably known, in every part of the habitable globe, that it is unnecessary for me to speak particularly of it, or of them, at this time. It is but a few years since, as I well remember, that over *one hundred* sail of square-rigged vessels, belonging to that port, were trading, at the same time, with different places in the East Indies, China, on the North West Coast, &c.; and her celebrated museum, built up and adorned by her hardy and intelligent navigators, will, for centuries, be an object of the greatest curiosity to all classes of inquisitive travellers, whose good fortune it shall be to wend their way to the spot which was, some time after the flood, much celebrated for the exciting scenes of witchcraft that prevailed there! I suppose that this remark will remind you of the good hearted cow, which yielded a generous bucket of milk to the dairy-maid, and then kicked both maid and bucket over.

☞ In our article about Nahant, we ought to have mentioned, when speaking of Mr. Caleb Johnson's seven sons, that one of the likeliest of them keeps an establishment, on Bromfield-street, for the sale of fish, and that, in the summer, he receives every forenoon a fresh supply of cod and haddock, a few hours only from the depths of the Ocean. He supplies the hotels at Springfield, Albany, Syracuse, and other places, daily, with *fresh* fish.

LETTER V.

Newburyport—Lord Timothy Dexter—remarkable case of the rescue from drowning of a mother, by her own child, a girl of only twelve years of age —poetry—Cape Ann.

NEWBURYPORT, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

THIS is one of the most delightful summer residences in New-England, and I find many people here from Boston, who have been spending several weeks with their friends. There are two or three excellent hotels here, and visiters can find comfortable accommodations in them, and in private families, at moderate prices.

Newburyport was formerly celebrated for its commercial enterprise, but the most flourishing part of the town having been destroyed by fire, some thirty years ago, its growth and prosperity received a check from which it did not entirely recover for a long time: it is now in a very thriving condition. Ship-building is carried on extensively here, and the introduction of several manufacturing establishments has given new life to the business of the place, and new hopes to all classes of its citizens. It was once distinguished, also, on account of its being the chosen residence of Lord Timothy Dexter, a very eccentric character, a man of singular habits and passions, uncommon luck as a merchant, and an author of no mean *pretensions*. His mercantile operations are still talked about in this place, with much feeling and some fun—and there are a few particles of scandal afloat on the Merrimac in relation to his character.

His shipment of several hundred warming-pans to the West Indies, and the profitable result of that shipment, will not soon be forgotten by those who are familiar with the story. These pans, which his lordship sent out to warm the planters' beds with, were used for a very different purpose—to dip up molasses! For this they were found highly useful. Lord Dexter was the author of a valuable work on "trade and commerce," called "*a Pic-*

kle for the Knowing Ones," which was printed, under his special direction, without punctuation of any kind—commas, semi-colons, colons or periods: it speedily run through several editions—or, if did not, it ought to have done so, for in his time people did not "*mind their stops*" with that attention which is given to them at the present day.*

It is now over thirty years since I tried to commit to memory some of the shrewd maxims of his lordship. At that time, he had the best estate in Newburyport; and, as he trudged along, with his cocked-hat and cane and little dog, there were many men who would gladly raise their hats to him, and many women who would condescend to favour him with a smile—because he was reputed to be wealthy. How much like human nature that! It was not the *man*, but his *riches*, that elicited the admiration and flattery of those poor creatures: although he had the form of a man, wore electric pantaloons and was said to be very fond of ladies, yet there was little of the grandeur and greatness of that noble animale, MAN, in his composition. At this day, no one honors the memory of Lord Timothy Dexter. Where are your warming-pans and riches now, my old friend?—where, your statues, your dogs, your cats, and your sycophantic worshippers?

Dexter's mansion is, as I was informed, occupied by a lady named Marshall, who keeps a respectable boarding-house in the very halls in which his lordship planned his financial operations and his famous West India voyages—in the very building where, with "honest old *stingo*," he was wont to "moisten his clay," and prepare it for the hands of the potter.

I have said that Dexter was an eccentric individual. He was emphatically so. Among other things, it is related of him that he had a tomb built in the back part of his house, long before his death; he had also, an elegant mahogany coffin made—and covered with black velvet—into which the old gentleman would often get, and remain for hours together. In addition to this, it is said that, on one occasion, he had a *mock-funeral* at his house, to which he invited all his friends and neighbors. Religious services were performed, while his lordship was lying, wide-awake, in his coffin—after which, the coffin, and its precious contents, were removed, and formally deposited in a vault constructed on purpose to receive it. It was certainly a queer conceit of the old sinner; but the story is said to be a veritable one. Indeed, there was no end to his vagaries. If one half of the anecdotes related about him are true,—and I know of no reason to doubt their truth,—he was the most remarkable man of his time. At his death he was a widower: he left a large fortune, and, I believe, only one child—a daughter.

This peaceable town has been suddenly thrown into a state of commotion, caused by intelligence received from Plum Island, a place of fashionable resort, of the remarkable feats of a little daughter of Mr. James Oakes of Boston. While bathing, she saved her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Moseley, from a watery grave, under very peculiar circumstances. The partic-

*(NOTE—JUNE, 1848.)—Our remarks in relation to Dexter were penned three years ago. It appears, by two or three editorial articles which we have recently read in the *Boston Herald*, relating to that famous individual, that some of the stories related about him are untrue. The Herald makes no mention of his sending warming-pans to the West Indies; and its statements, which were gathered from a work just published by Mr. G. N. Thompson, entitled the "Life of Timothy Dexter," by S. L. Knapp, differ in other respects from those we have made. All who feel interested in the subject can buy this little work, as it is probably more authentic than the stories which were floating about when we gathered the fragments we have here worked up. Dexter was born in Malden, in 1743, and died in Newburyport, in 1806. He had two children—one son and a daughter; the former, after leading a very dissolute life, died young, and the latter "turned out badly and died a lunatic." We suppose the old maxim, "what is got over the devil's back generally goes under his belly," had an application in this case.

ulars of this interesting affair are given in the annexed extract, from the pen of a gentleman who is well acquainted with all that transpired :—

WONDERFUL RESCUE — A DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION.

On Monday afternoon last a party of ladies, consisting of Mrs. D. C. Moseley, Mrs. James Oakes, Mrs. R. N. Berry. Mrs. Whiting, and Miss Garafelia Oakes, (daughter of James O.) aged about 12 years, all of Boston, accompanied by Mrs. J. J. Knapp, her daughter Laura Knapp, 14 years old, with Miss Caroline Pierce, of Newburyport, started from the latter place, for Plum Island, (three miles from Newburyport,) for the purpose of bathing—Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. Oakes, Mrs. Knapp, and Miss Pierce are sisters. Mrs. Knapp and daughter, Mrs. Moseley, and Mrs. Oakes and daughter Garafelia, had been in to bathe : they all came out of the water except Mrs. Moseley, and went a short distance upon the beach to dress. While they were dressing, Mrs. Berry, who was upon the beach near by, heard Mrs. Moseley scream, save me! save me! I'm drowning! Mrs. Berry called to Mrs. Knapp, and said, "your sister is drowning;" although unable to swim, Mrs. K. rushed into the water to save her sister, but immediately found herself beyond her depth, and called upon Mrs. Berry to save her, for "her dear children's sake!" Notwithstanding Mrs. Berry was in full dress, she waded into the water as far as she possibly could, without loosing her balance, seized a part of Mrs. Knapp's clothing. and succeeded in drawing her on shore. By this time, Miss Laura Knapp arrived at the spot, and being an expert swimmer, darted into the water, without any life preserver, swam to her aunt, Mrs. Moseley, who grappled the child, the instant she was in reach, pushing her under water, but on coming to the surface again, she was some distance from Mrs. M. and very naturally, being frightened, made for the shore, where Mrs. Oakes had arrived. Mrs. O. instantly plunged in to save her sister, but she too, soon found herself drowning, (not being able to swim,) and cried out to Mrs. Berry—"save me! save me! Garafelia save your mother! save me!" Mrs. Berry seeing that both Mrs. O. and Mrs. M. must drown without instant succor, with uncommon presence of mind called to Garafelia, "to put on her life preserver and save her mother;" the little heroine, in an instant, had on her preserver, which is a very large one, and fortunately was inflated at the time, swam to the spot where her mother was sinking, (nothing then to be seen of Mrs. O. from the shore, except her hand.) seized her by the hair of the head, and dragged her to Mrs. Berry, who had waded in to receive her, and with the assistance of Miss Pierce (sister to Mrs. O.) drew her upon the beach, and laid her down with every appearance of a drowned person. Amidst all the confusion and distress, Mrs. Berry's self-possession had not deserted her, as she implored Garafelia to leave her mother and save her aunt, Mrs. Moseley, who had already sank; as she rose, the heroic child, although much exhausted, swam to her aunt, calling out, at the top of her voice, "keep up aunty! a minute longer! I'm coming, I have mother safe, and will get you too!" She reached her, and seizing her by one of her hands, that being all that could be seen above water, drew her also on shore, by which time Mrs. Whiting had arrived with assistance, which she ran for, on hearing the first scream.

Doctor Atkinson, and wife of Newburyport, who happened to be upon the island, were soon at hand; both he and his lady rendered great assistance in restoring to animation the two ladies who had been in so perilous a situation. Mr. Thompson and family, keeper of the hotel on the island, as well as Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Titcomb of Newburyport, rendered great assistance to the distressed party. Doctor Atkinson arrived at the moment Mrs. Berry and Garafelia had got Mrs. Moseley on shore; before the child could reach Mrs. M. she had drifted some distance from the place where Mrs. Oakes was taken, but towards a point of land, which made the distance less to the shore, than it would have been, to have landed Mrs. M. at the same place she had her mother,—and so self-possessed was the child, that she made for the nearest point of land! Doctor Atkinson states that the child appeared entirely unconscious of the heroic and wonderful feat she had performed, nor did she appear but little frustrated, until he seized her in his arms, and called the ladies to take her to Mr. Thompson's house, put her immediately in bed, and administer warm drinks; when she heard this, she screamed out, "don't take me from mother, is mother dead!" instantly running and throwing herself upon her mother, who was being raised from the beach by the ladies. The poor child continued perfectly frantic for some minutes, calling for her mother to speak! Both Doctor Atkinson and Mr. Titcomb say it was, beyond description, the most affecting scene they ever witnessed; and none but an eye witness can have any conception of it, nor can they give a true description of the distressing picture.

Doctor Atkinson, thinks Mrs. Oakes could not have lived in the water two minutes longer, notwithstanding she was not in near so long as Mrs. Moseley, but evidently had swallowed much more water.

The self-possession of Mrs. Berry, and the astonishing courage, quickness, and perseverance of that little heroine Garafelia Oakes, prevented a catastrophe that would have been heart-rending.

The above very remarkable incident has set the poets at work, as might have been expected; and some touching effusions have been penned in honor of the beautiful child who fearlessly risked her own life to save that of her mother. One of the prettiest compliments that I have seen was copied from a Saint Louis

have availed ourselves of some of his contributions, in a condensed form.

The first private decked boat ever moored at Nahant for the summer was the Mermaid, of 12 tons—this was in 1832 or '33. She remained two summers, and was then sold to William P. Winchester, Esq, who kept her until the Northern Light was launched, when he parted with her. She is still running, and is as pretty as ever—as "good as new."

The next yacht was the Raven, a swift and beautiful sprite of the wave, of 12 tons, and is owned by Benjamin C. Clark, Esq., under whose direction she was built. She took the place of the Mermaid in 1835 or '36, and is still at Nahant. Like the splendid Northern Light of Col. Winchester—than which a more finished and powerful yacht, of her size, never graced the Ocean—the Raven has done good service for her owner, and won numerous laurels, which she bears as gracefully in her beak at the present time as she did when they were first acquired. We refer the reader to a well-written account of one of the successful efforts of the Raven, from the pen of a friend, in another page.

The third was the Susan, of 18 tons, owned by Mr. Lowell. She came soon after the Raven, and was parted with at the end of the season: she now belongs to Mr. Drew. The fourth yacht that had moorings for the whole season was the Avon, of 11 tons, a pretty boat and a fast one. Afterwards came the Brenda, of 30 tons, owned by Mr. David Sears, jr. Next and last was the Cloud, of 22 tons, owned by J. H. Gray, Esq., which took her moorings at the close of the last summer, and proves to be not only a very handsome and comfortable boat, but a good sailer.

The Foam, which is moored nearest the steam-boat wharf, is about four years old, 24 tons, and is owned by Mr. Jonathan Johnson, who allows her to take out parties during the summer. She is one of the swiftest, and at the same time one of the most weatherly vessels of her class in the bay, and a seat in her cabin, with Mr. Jonathan at the helm, is about the safest place that can be found on the ocean.

And while on the subject of yachts belonging to Nahant, we may be permitted to extend our remarks to Phillips's Beach.

At Swamscott, there is no private yacht—save the Breeze, which is owned by William H. Boardman, Esq., as clever a specimen of human nature as ever sailed a boat in a stiff breeze; and she is there only occasionally. She is a good craft, of about 45 tons.

The fishing schooners of Swamscott are superior vessels. The Woodside, the Stars and Stripes, and the Jane, are particularly swift, and the others are "not slow."

The coast, from the Ocean House to the eastward, for three or four miles, (coast of Sumatra, some call it) is quite pretty, and in a stiff norther affords a good lee for fishing and boat-sailing. It is a good neighborhood for codfish.

Tinker's Island, off Marblehead Neck, is a very romantic spot, but is rarely visited except by fishermen; two or three times each summer, perhaps, will be seen there a party from Nahant. It is divided from the Neck by a channel of half a mile, but at low tide a bar of sand and rocks is visible nearly across. There is a house for wrecked seamen on the island.

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NAHANT, AUGUST, 1848.

DEAR SHADE: I have yours of the 11th, and have read the manuscript with pleasure. The touch at the sea-serpent is particularly happy; but I should have handled that "ancient and fishlike" humbug with more severity. You have talked with a good many fishermen; but did you ever find an intelligent one that ever saw the creature? I never did—nor one that believed in its existence.

During the past sixteen summers, I have crossed from Boston to Nahant, and from Nahant to Boston, about twelve hundred times. Each year, when August came—the witching time for the sea-serpent—the places where the mackerel "most do congregate" were visited by horse mackerel. Some of these fish are very large—and when the sea has been without a ripple, I have seen its leaden surface show

the track of a big one to the extent of seventy feet, in a manner that would deceive the keenest eye. But you have seen all this—and have therefore just as surely seen the sea-serpent as I have!

I believe you will find that Capt. Rich captured a horse-mackerel of 17 or 18 feet, and that a place near Fort-hill, (and not Faneuil Hall) was prepared for what the captain truly said was the only sea-snake he could find for the people. It was understood, at one time, that some gentlemen owned a large property, prospectively, in the sea-serpent!

Touching the inhabitants of Nahant, the man, above all others—as you have intimated—deserving unqualified praise, is Mr. Tudor, who has not only done wonders, on his own place, but has, in the kindest manner, and with most excellent judgment, pointed out to his neighbors the *fruits* of his own experience, and freely and gratuitously proffered them the means of encompassing the same advantages. Mr. Coolidge, also, did a great deal towards building up Nahant, as you have mentioned.

In your notice of yachting, do not forget to introduce the Northern Light, and her kind, generous, and gentlemanly owner:—just ask those who know the colonel well, and they will tell you more good of him than I have time to record.

There was a Doctor Eastman who practiced at Nahant and Lynn for two or three years, and who was much respected. A few months ago, (as I heard the story) he made a post-mortem examination of a body in a bad condition, and having a scratch upon one of his hands he became poisoned. He was pretty well satisfied that his life was lost, and called in several professional friends, who agreed with him in opinion, when, with the utmost firmness, he called on those around him and bade them an affectionate farewell; but he soon afterwards left for Maine, where his connexions and early friends resided. He was an excellent man, and therefore entitled to the tribute of a kind remembrance.

I am glad to see you speak well of Mr. Drew, for both he and his wife deserve the very handsome notice you have given them; and it will be the more grateful because, in certain quarters, there exists an ungenerous, if not contemptible disposition, towards the Nahant Hotel. I do not allude to persons who follow the same business, for, so far as Nahant is concerned, they mind their own affairs; but there *is* a class of people who, having no business of their own to attend to, busy themselves in instructing persons far more competent than themselves; and any departure from their gratuitous counsel subjects the daring offender to the grave charge of "democracy!" With us, the true relation between the hotel keeper and his visiters seems not generally to be understood. The former is no more a servant than the lawyer or the physician; and if he offends, the remedy is plain—and escape from him is far easier than it sometimes is from the hands of the professional gentlemen. Nothing is more common than complaints against the best public houses in the country—even the Tremont has not always escaped; and yet the discontented ones are satisfied there is nothing better, and never, or very rarely, desert it. It is not to be supposed, however, that the accomplished keepers of that establishment entertain any particular affection for persons so clearly inconsistent, or that they would step aside *very far*, to perform any extra professional services for them. If they even tolerated them, it would be by the exercise of a strained courtesy, and not from the conviction of any obligation to do so.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST REGATTA AT NAHANT.

On the 19th of July, 1845, a regatta, which had been long talked of, came off at Nahant. It was free for all vessels of not more than 50 tons nor less than 10. The prizes offered were a silver cup valued at $50, and a suit of colors. An allowance of one half a minute per ton was made by the larger boats to the smaller ones on the difference of tonnage. The course run was from Nahant, round the Graves, outside of a station-boat on the northwest side; thence round Egg rock, on the north, back to the judges' boat off Joseph's cove, Nahant. A very large number of persons from Boston and the neighboring towns, were collected to witness the trial—all the eligible points for observation were thronged, and the bay in the neighborhood of the peninsula was studded with boats of every description filled with spectators.

At half past three o'clock the contending yachts, eleven in number, all schooner rigged, were ranged from east to west off the south west bluff, in the following order:—The Nautilus 11 tons, Avon 11 tons, Neptune 11 tons, Raven 12 tons, Pathfinder 12 tons, Naid Queen 15 tons, Gipsey 21 tons, Alert 22 tons, Vision 24 tons, Odd Fellow 30 tons, and Cygnet 31 tons. Their foresails and mainsails were hoisted, and each boat was held by a single line made fast to a separate mooring.

A single glance at the boats would have satisfied any one, that the intrinsic value of the prizes was deemed of small moment in comparison with the claims for superiority; it was evidently to be a trial for championship. The Cygnet, the Odd Fellow and the Vision, were

each celebrated for some particular quality deemed vital in a boat-race. That the prize would fall amongst the largest boats there existed not a doubt, and the chances for the cup were considered to be decidedly in favor of the Cygnet, but by far the most interesting point to be determined was the long mooted question of superiority among the yachts of 11 to 15 tons; these were not business boats, but the productions of scientific amateurs, aiming at speed, and on the score of beauty and condition these little vessels would not have suffered in comparison with the finest boats of any country. They were indeed the picked and chosen ones of the whole bay; each one had her "troops of friends," and each claimed an owner who felt no embarrassment in entering the list for a public trial. Although these yachts were by no means strangers to each other, yet there was a wide difference in opinion in regard to their respective merits; an occasional chance brush in the bay, (with "stores on board," "foul copper," "a skiff in tow," &c.) so far from affording any criterion by which they could be judged, seemed only to mystify their pretensions.

The Nautilus was known to be a very fast boat in smooth water, and on this occasion everything seemed favorable for the development of the good points claimed for her. The Avon maintained a high rank; she was considered a fair match for the Nautilus, in common winds, and her superior in strong breezes; before coming into line she made two or three hitches, and her quick movements greatly encouraged the strong hopes entertained for her by her friends; she was lighter than usual, her ballast having been arranged to suit the breeze.

The Neptune was not so well known as most of the others; she had however a good name, and being but partly decked possessed in that particular an important advantage over all her companions.

The Raven, (long, deep, and sharp,) was widely and favorably known. The Pathfinder was known to be a very weatherly boat and her friends would readily have backed her against any of her companions in size. The Naid Queen, although a boat of excessive beam, was notoriously fast in all kinds of weather.

The Gipsey had established a good name from her performances in strong breezes rather than from her superior excellence in light winds. The Alert was a new boat of great beam, fair lines and small draft. It was not supposed she could do much by the wind, but in running large it was believed she would hurry the best of the fleet.

At a quarter before four, the signal gun was fired—the moorings were dropped, and the jibs run up at the same instant. The start to lookers on seemed a perfect one: and the beautiful appearance of the little vessels, as they flitted away together, elicited much admiration. The wind was from the south east, consequently it was nearly a dead beat to the Graves. The boats started with their larboard tacks aboard and headed for Broad Sound, running four and a half to five knots. Immediately after filling away it was perceived that the Vision, from having a slight advance at the start, had lapped the Odd Fellow, and taken the wind out of her sails, the latter however soon kept off, took the wind out ahead of the former, and passed on ahead.

The Raven from a similar cause suffered in a much greater degree. The Neptune filled away upon her beam, and becalmed her for about twenty minutes. Unlike the Odd Fellow (which was the leeward boat but one in the fleet) the Raven had several boats under her lee bow and could not keep away, to shake the Neptune off, without interfering injuriously with her neighbors. Thus hemmed in she was compelled either to remain in company with the Neptune during the whole tack, or to heave to and let her pass to windward. The latter alternative was submitted to, and her sheets were slacked up until the Neptune had passed ahead several lengths, when the Raven trimmed aft again, crossed her wake, and passed to windward of her. If her rate of sailing after she had cleared the Neptune may be considered a thing to judge by, she must have lost more than a mile from the interference at the start.

At about a quarter past four, the Cygnet, Odd Fellow and Vision, tacked to the eastward. Strong indications of a wind more southerly probably induced this movement. The manœuvre, however, although well designed, was not completely successful, for, notwithstanding the wind did haul slightly to the southward, the three large boats weathered the Graves with difficulty at a limping gait. The next boat was the Raven; after passing half a mile beyond the wake of the others she tacked to the eastward, and passed the Graves, going a wrap full. The Alert followed the Raven; the other boats were now a long way in the rear, and it was quite apparent that the matter was settled so far as they were concerned, still it was a subject of regret that they did not complete the distance named in the conditions of the race, inasmuch as the prize was offered only with a view of ascertaining *how far* the pretensions of the different yachts would be justified by their performances.

The Cygnet and the Odd Fellow passed the Graves nearly together, next came the Vision with the Raven close upon her—up to this period the Raven was in good time, for the first prize, but it was considered that in working to windward her best play had been seen, and that on the return, in running at large, her raking masts and heavy draft would cause her to drop far astern of the larger boats, whose arrangements and ability for going free were supposed to be vastly superior.

Upon squaring away, however, this opinion proved to be ill founded, for when half of the distance between the Graves and Egg Rock had been made, it was obvious that the Raven had not only neared the head boats considerably, but had also dropped the Alert still farther astern. When abreast of Egg Rock one of the crew of the Odd Fellow fell overboard; in rounding to pick him up she lost some minutes. The Raven also lost some time by jibing her

foresail and standing for the exposed individual.

From the commencement of the race the wind had been gradually increasing, and when the boats hauled on a wind under the lee of Egg Rock the breeze was quite fresh. They passed the station boat off East Point, Nahant, running at least nine knots, and came to abreast of the judges' boat in beautiful style in the following order. Cygnet at 6, 12; Vision at 6, 14; and the Raven at 6, 16—the latter boat taking the first prize, with some minutes to spare—the second prize was awarded to the Vision.

The detention of the Odd Fellow, although it may have prevented her coming in as early as the Cygnet, did not affect the chance for a prize. The result, so far as the Raven was concerned, was deemed most extraordinary, and her performance elicited considerable speculation. By some it was thought that the allowance of time was too great, but others, more skilled in nautical matters, considered that if it were so, the prizes would both have fallen to boats of the Raven's class, whereas it appears that neither the Avon, Neptune, Nautilus, Naid Queen or the Pathfinder, were or could have been within four or five miles of even the second prize, which was taken by a boat of 24 tons, in a close contest with the two yachts of 30 and 31 tons. The distance sailed (about 20 miles) was performed by the leading boats, in about 2½ hours, which, considering the wind at the start, was excellent time.

Thus closed one of the most beautiful and exciting regattas ever witnessed in this country.

The skill and propriety evinced in getting up the exhibition were equalled only by the perfect harmony and good feeling which marked its close.

While upon matters connected with the sea, we have thought that the following capital story, illustrating the dangers of yacht sailing in Boston bay, would be acceptable to readers. It originally appeared in the Boston Atlas :—

NARROW ESCAPE IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Towards the close of a beautiful afternoon in July, just as the setting sun had shed his last rays upon the lofty canvass of a ship in the offing, and the small fishing schooners were returning, like sea-gulls, to their wave-girdled nests, three amateur yachters started from Gloucester, in a pretty yacht of about ten tons, bound for Nahant. The wind was light from the westward ; of course, there was no prospect of a quick run, but the evening was delightful; indeed, it was one of those nights when "fear may lay him down to sleep." The day, however, had been intensely warm, and a scorching sun had given denotement of one of those sudden and violent changes which are not unfrequent in midsummer.

At about 11 o'clock, the sky in the north looked portentous : a pitch black cloud had risen a few degrees above the horizon, and spread along from the northwest to the northeast. The appearance was wild and threatening, and an occasional gleam of lightning indicated that it contained the elements of strife ; the atmosphere, too, had become close. These indications where unheeded by the yachters ; they cared no more for the thunder-cloud than they did for the smoke of the "regalias" which curled over their heads ; the boat was a good one—"she had braved it before, and could brave it again," and come what might, they were in shape for it.

In a light wind the tiller does not minister much to the poetry of sailing, and companionship with it at such a time is not desirable ; consequently, on this occasion the helm was relieved half a dozen times before midnight, and but little regard paid to the course of the yacht. At about half-past twelve the moon went down, the breeze freshened, and a haze set in which obscured the horizon. The Boston and Long Island lights, however, were dimly visible in the distance. Nothing material occurred until half-past one, when the flapping of the sails (the boat had been brought suddenly to the wind,) and the shout from the helm "below there!" aroused the two sleepers. "It is a squall?" cried one of them, as he coolly stepped up the companionway. "No," replied the helmsman, "the smut in the north has settled away, but look yonder." "A rock!" shouted the other, rubbing his eyes. "There must have been wild steering, somewhere, for we are on the Cohasset side—fill away to the northward." The yacht was then kept away north by east. Each professed to believe he had seen one of the Cohasset rocks, but at the same time felt that owing to the variety of steering, the current, and the haze, they were quite as likely to be somewhere else. This feeling, however, induced only an indifferent lookout, and with an increasing breeze they sped along merrily. Not more than twenty minutes had elapsed before the watch forward cried, "breakers ahead ! hard down your helm !"

The boat shot clear, but near enough to show a small greyish rock, around which the water must have been bold, as the break was very slight. The yacht was brought to the wind again, and a council held The first rock could not have been on the Cohasset shore, as north by east would have cleared every thing. What was it, then ? It must have been the Hardings, and the one just passed must have been the Northeast Breaker, off the Graves,—but the Graves were not visible; that was no doubt owing to the mist which had now settled close all around. The bearings of the outer light, however, conflicted with this calculation, but the compass rested on the floor of the cabin, and might have been influenced by the pig iron directly below it; at any rate, the rock last seen might have been the Northeast Breaker, and away they went, heading north, the helmsman humming a boat song to the tune of a cracking breeze. They soon recollected that the northeast breaker was a dark kelp-covered rock, altogether unlike the one they had just passed—on the other hand, the mist might have caused this unusual appearance. For a moment there was a slight manifestation of distrust, but the song, the witty remark, and the joyous laugh which followed, showed that it was but a momentary feeling—"a rap full," was the word and on she went, while "a wake like the

maelstrom was boiling behind." So true is it that

"We dance on a loom that may weave us a shroud."

In less than ten minutes there was a simultaneous exclamation, "Rocks!" and under the lee bow was seen a cluster of a dozen, so near that as the sea laved them a fitful gleam of phosphoric light was distinctly visible. In an instant the yacht was on the other tack—a sound like the surf of some beach was now heard:—this added to the embarrassment of the moment, and as no one ventured any farther opinion as to the whereabouts of the little vessel, it was deemed best to anchor. Safety was now the only thing to be consulted.

The yacht was sharp, deep, heavily ballasted, and of delicate construction; a blow, therefore, on a craggy rock, would have sent her down in two minutes. Moreover, the danger was magnified by the singular fact that the water was quite bold, no soundings having been found in less than seven fathoms.

While the boat was moving ahead slowly, her sails shaking, and before the cable could be overhauled and the anchor keyed, the man at the helm shouted "more rocks, by the ghost of Cæsar!" There they were—five of them, just on the lee beam—small, grey, and nearly upon a level with the sea! The boat was brought to the wind immediately, her foresail dropped, and the jib left to windward—the ebb tide had nearly done, and by the lead it was found that the boat was nearly stationary, or at worst, drifting slowly over the track she had passed. The compass was now placed in the standing room, but it told the same story. *If it was correct*, every thing was right, as Long Island Light bore southwest by it. They had no chart, but they remembered that south west, with a moderate draft, was a good course for Long Island Head.

They remained in this position (awaiting the day-light) for an hour, descanting upon the singularity of their adventure, and upon the unaccountable things they had seen, when to their mortal horror they made a heap of rocks directly ahead, in the very range of the Light, which still bore southwest! This appearance was the more astounding, inasmuch as the yacht had scarcely steerage-way upon her, and yet the rocks were close aboard, and apparently nearing them fast—so rapidly indeed that there was not time to keep the boat away—one was already under her bowsprit. All hands now sprang forward, and applying their united strength to a strong boat hook, they succeeded in breasting off—not the boat—but a large *straw bed*—one of a hundred and fifty, which, having been discharged from the immigrant ships in quarantine the afternoon before, had been quietly drifting down the Sound, to the great annoyance of the "yachters," with whose company and respectful attention they had been honored for about four hours!

NAHANT, AUGUST, 1848.

In the way of romantic and exciting facts, much might be found if you had time to look it up. Some seventeen winters ago, Mr. Caleb Johnson started in the Lafayette (I think) from Cape Cod. With him were two schooners bound for Swamscott. At about 4, P. M. it came on to blow from the eastward, and a thick snow storm set in.

Capt. Caleb put her away for Boston and ran with an increasing gale for some time, when the boat struck heavily, but passed on. Whether the rock they had rubbed upon so hard was the Hardings, or whether it was one of the scattering breakers which lie nearer the south shore, was unknown to them; but in either case their situation was most alarming. With that promptness and nerve which characterise the fishermen of Massachusetts bay, the Capt. resolved that they had passed over the Hardings and he steered accordingly. If he was right, the chance was still a desperate one; if wrong, destruction was sure. The pumps were now sounded, but, notwithstanding the blow she had received was a severe one, the little craft continued tight; the blasts grew longer and louder, and to escape the heavy sea astern the boat was crowded to the last inch of canvass she could bear, and her masts bent like whip sticks.

Suddenly the sea seemed all in heaps, and the combers broke over the vessel in every direction. It was evidently the wind contending with a strong adverse current, and the captain, hoping it might be the ebb tide in the channel, passed the helm to his son, remarking as he went forward, "we shall be *somewhere* soon." In two minutes after he shouted from the fore rigging—"hard down your helm—its all right!" And for an instant was seen just over the foremast head, the "Light dimly burning." They soon shot into darkness again, but the skipper had said "it was all right," and it was so, for *them*, for they run for the Spit, made it,—threaded their way through the Narrows and the shipping in the upper harbor, and soon made fast near the end of Long wharf. But their companions of the afternoon were less fortunate; one of them, in a shattered condition, got into Swamscott; the other went to pieces on the Pigs rocks (about three miles northeast of Nahant,) and all hands were lost.

Towards midnight Capt. Johnson, not liking the sound of the weather, stepped from his berth to go on deck, when he found two feet of water in the cabin of the boat. Upon examination afterwards, it appeared miraculous that the schooner ever reached even Light House channel—so peculiarly dangerous was the damage she had sustained near her garboard.

I am somewhat weary, but will mention one more incident, which happened some

twenty-three years ago, in midwinter. Two Nahant fishermen, (I do not remember their names, but they were distinguished) started from Boston in a dory for Nahant. They had money and articles for their families, the proceeds of the week's business. It was on a Saturday. At Point Shirley they stopped for a cup of tea; after which, and against the advice of their host, they resumed their voyage in the face of a hard NE. wind After pulling about an hour, they were completely shrouded in darkness—the wind had freshened, and it was obvious that they were making but small headway; the sea had also risen—so much so indeed that to return was out of the question. There was no shore to leeward near which a boat could have lived for one moment; their only chance, then, was to go ahead; and they tugged manfully. In proportion as the case grew desperate, they parted with their freight, and, package by package, one half of it had been thrown overboard, but with some degree of reluctance, for these men were formed to grapple with the shark, and not inclined to yield to common difficulties. The wind continued to increase until it blew a perfect gale. Finding it impossible to keep her from swamping, with any extra weight on board, the boat was cleared of every thing but the money, and they buckled to the oars again. They had scarcely began to realise any advantage from their altered trim before the snow began to fly thickly—and in less than twenty minutes the poor little craft was carrying weight again.

At this moment, they thought the water seemed to be a little smoother, and that consequently they must be nearing some part of Nahant—hastily they scooped out the snow which had collected in the boat, and again bent to their oars; encouraged by the certainty that they were slowly making a lee they steadily applied their remaining strength, uncertain yet, if it would be of any avail; one of them, less hardy than his companion, was about to yield when the welcome sound of the sea dashing heavily upon the rocks burst upon them. The first words spoken for an half hour was in their simultaneous and joyous exclamation, "breakers"—in a few minutes they made the outline of bold land close aboard; this they judged (and rightly) to be Bass Point; they followed the shore along to the northward, till they came to a spot where "grates the keel upon the yellow sand," when they beached the dory, and loaded with ice and snow waded a mile to their cottage with scarcely strength enough remaining to raise its door latch.

LETTER II.

Apple Island—the late Mr. Marsh—his romantic history—destruction of his house by fire, &c.

NAHANT, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

On my passage to Nahant, in the steamer General Lincoln, Capt. Betts, I passed "Apple Island," a place somewhat celebrated on account of a mysterious gentleman, by the name of Marsh, having lived there a great number of years. He brought up a large family on the island, was finally taken sick, and died about the year 1834: I believe he was buried on the island. His house was burned two or three years afterwards.

I do not remember that I ever passed Apple Island, in the Nahant steamer, but some one of the passengers had a curious story to tell about Mr. Marsh, and the manner in which he obtained a permanent foothold on that inviting spot of earth. The most rational and authentic account of him I have ever listened to was related to me by an old friend, who is as familiar with every thing connected with the history of the islands in Boston harbor as you are with your own paste-pot and scissors. The story runs thus:—

Somewhere about the year 1813—in the midst of our war with Great Britain—Mr. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, who was a native of England, mysteriously landed on the beach at an out-of-the-way place called Germantown, between Quincy and Weymouth. It is an excellent place to bathe, at high water: I have often buffetted the "saucy waves" there, and it is said to be a favorite resort of J. Q. Adams, for the purpose of bathing in the summer months. I would here remark that Germantown is a part of the town of Quincy. Mr. Marsh had with him two females, one of whom passed as his wife, and the other as her assistant. He ob-

tained possession of a small house on this shore where he lived for many months, without having the least intercourse with any family in the vicinity, or holding conversation with any one whose curiosity might attract him to the spot. His life was spent in entire seclusion, and his companions mixed as little with the world as he himself. It is true, he would sometimes wander up to the village, to purchase a few groceries and other comforts of life; but he rarely made unnecessary conversation with any one—merely paying for such articles as he had occasion to purchase, in gold or silver, of which, it was said, he had a considerable quantity with him.

Several months having passed away, including those of a severe winter season, the residents of the houses in the neighborhood began to talk very openly against him, and to throw out frightful inuendoes. This was in true yankee character. If he was not the devil, he was certainly one of his imps! Finally, it was decided that Mr. Marsh and his companions must be driven away, by some means or another, from their quiet resting place. They were not considered precisely as ghosts, or hobgoblins; but then there was a certain something about them which induced the timid people of Germantown and its vicinity to denounce them as unearthly beings, strongly imbued with the scent of brimstone. They made known their desires and intentions to Mr. Marsh, and he, for self-preservation, consented to remove from Germantown, with his family, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. In a few days Mr. Marsh succeeded in purchasing a sail-boat, of about ten tons, with which he removed his family, and what little furniture and provisions they had, and, after paying his rent honorably, took leave of his persecutors with becoming meekness and dignity. It was high spring-time—about the first of May. There was a genial warmth in the sun, and a quietness on the bosom of the sea, which were cheering and comforting to a man who had seen better days, and who had been thus rudely treated, by his fellow creatures, in a land of boasted freedom, intelligence and hospitality.

He put off from the beach with his stanch boat, under a clear sky and with a free breeze, and shaped his course for the land on the opposite shore, in the direction of Chelsea, where he made a temporary landing, on what is called Hog Island. He spent a part of his time there, but most of it, the whole of the succeeding summer and fall, in cruising about the islands in Boston harbor—occasionally landing to procure fresh provisions and water, but never making a long visit. He and his associates literally lived on the water for more than six months, almost always finding safe anchorage as the night approached, and never meeting with the least accident. They were known as the "floating family." Hog Island, however, appeared to be the favorite resting place of Mr. Marsh at this time, whenever he landed any where with his family. His movements were noticed by the owner of that island, as well as by others, and he was finally ordered off, lest he might become a permanent squatter. He quietly submitted to the mandate of Mr. Breed, and sought a resting place elsewhere.

Winter was now fast approaching. The cold north wind whistled cheerlessly through the rigging of his faithful little craft, and the waves of old Ocean showed their white and threatening foam, at all hours of the day and night. It was at a season like this, when every thing conspired to dishearten Mr. Marsh and his family, that he formed a plan of making a lodgment on Apple island for the winter.

In the month of November, 1814, he safely removed his "little all" from his boat to that island, and took possession of a small uninhabited house, which, as I have been informed, had been built many years before by a family of catholics, who left it suddenly, during the revolutionary war, for "parts unknown." In this little habitation, Mr. Marsh and his

companions found comfortable quarters for the winter. He had nearly provisions enough to last him until the opening of the spring, but such articles as he stood in need of he would procure from vessels passing up and down the harbor, always paying a generous price for every thing he purchased. Being an excellent shot, and having a trusty fowling piece, with plenty of ammunition, he rarely felt the want of game,—an abundance of which is always to be found in the vicinity of Apple island, from November to April,—while the sand and the sea yielded up their rich treasures to him, in any quantity his wants required. In this way he spent the winter very comfortably. As the season of spring approached, he began to feel confidence in the stability of his new position, and to cast about for some new employment—to see, as Robinson Crusoe's "Man Friday" often did, what he should do next. Having a taste for agricultural pursuits, he contrived to purchase several farming implements and some garden seeds; and with these, and the kelp and rock-weed which he gathered in abundance upon the shore, he began his labors as a farmer and a philanthropist. His exertions were crowned with success. In the language of St. Pierre, he "made two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before;" summer smiled upon his laudable efforts, and autumn crowned them with an abundance of the fruits of the earth. All this time he continued unmolested in his new abode—he was sole monarch of the little spot of earth on which he worked so cheerfully, and so gratefully. Apple island was frequently visited by fishing parties during the summer, but no one treated him or his associates with rudeness or incivility, while they, on the other hand, did every thing in their power, to make their visiters comfortable. Mr. Marsh himself is said to have been a perfect gentleman in his manners and in his feelings.

As early as the period of which we are now speaking, there was a singular mystery hanging over Mr. Marsh and his family, in the minds of all who visited Apple island; and the stories which were circulated in relation to them were numerous, and some of them of a character to amuse, if they did not astonish every one who listened to them.

It was not long before Mr. Marsh had his island in a comfortable condition for the wants of his family. He built a small barn, and one or two other out-houses; and among the new tenants which he introduced to his family circle were several of the swinish multitude, a cow, a number of hens, ducks, dogs, and cats: and, like a true philosopher, as he was, he made up his mind to spend the remainder of his days there, unless he was driven from the island, as he had been previously from Germantown, by the suspicious and uncouth residents of that obscure place, and from Hog island, by Mr. Breed, its then new proprietor.

No one molesting Mr. Marsh, his good lady soon began to make demonstrations that were highly gratifying to him, and to vie with the soil in producing something besides pumpkins—something that should comfort her faithful lord in his old age. The first of the little Marshes began to show his head about the time that potatoes, corn, turnips, and cabbages were ripe; and there was, naturally, much rejoicing "all about the lot."

Time rolled on and Mr. Marsh continued to enjoy quiet possession of Apple island. He would visit Boston, occasionally, in the summer season, and make his appearance in State-street, interchanging the compliments of the season with some of our most respectable citizens. His dress and address always bespoke the gentleman; and, to the day of his death, the mystery in relation to him, which commenced with his first appearence among us, was continued. He was too much of a riddle for yankee cursioity to penetrate or solve. He brought up a large family of children—four sons, and as many daughters, if I mistake not, some of whom are married and reside in the city of Boston or its vicinity.

timate the value of your NATIONAL UNION, *to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity—watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, and discountenancing what ever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of* EVERY ATTEMPT TO ALIENATE ONE PORTION OF OUR COUNTRY FROM THE REST, OR TO ENFEEBLE THE SACRED TIES WHICH NOW LOCK TOGETHER THE VARIOUS PARTS."

In twenty five-years from this time, my friends, our country will contain a population of thirty millions of souls, inhabiting, probably, a number of States one third greater than that now existing. But how few of this large assemblage will be here at that time to witness their country's greatness!"

B

CAPTAIN JOSIAH STURGIS.

We shall close our labors for the present, by making a few extracts from a little work published a few years since, entitled "*A brief sketch of the character and services of Capt. Josiah Sturgis, of the U. S. Revenue Service—by and an old friend and schoolmate.*" As that work was written to amuse the author of it, in his hours of leisure, and has been two or three years out of print, these extracts, it is hoped, may be the more acceptable at this time to readers generally. Capt. Sturgis and the writer were school-mates for several years, and were often called up together,—hand-in-hand they went,—to receive a *gentle* rebuke from their tutors, on mere suspicion of neglect of duty, or some trifling violation of the wholesome rules adopted by them:— J. L. H.

> And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
> 'Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne, like thy bubbles, onward;—from a boy
> I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
> Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
> Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear;
> For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
> And trusted to thy billows far and near,
> And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.
> BYRON.

CAPTAIN JOSIAH STURGIS was born in the city of Boston. His father was a respectable mechanic, of the old school, and for many years kept a hat store in Ann-street, in the immediate vicinity of what is now known as Oak Hall. On this spot the subject of our notice first drew the breath of life; and we mention this fact, because it is often pleasant to allude to the birth-place of men who 'have done the state some service.' This laudable feeling has prevailed in all ages and among all nations.

In his childhood, there was nothing remarkable to distinguish young Sturgis from other boys—at least, we remember nothing. But as he progressed in years his character developed some traits which those who watched over and associated with him considered sufficiently striking to speak of and to remember. Like many others who have been distinguished in the various walks of life he received the early part of his education in the public schools of Boston, than which none are better—if so good—in any other part of the United States. Having remained at school until he was fourteen years of age, he expressed a desire to ship as a cabin boy in a merchant vessel, and to follow the seas—a desire which was soon gratified by his father, who had early discovered in his son an ambition for a 'life on the ocean wave.'

In 1809 young Sturgis sailed from Boston, in, the capacity of a cabin boy, in the schooner Mary, Capt. Percival, for the Cape de Verd Islands, with a cargo valued at 15,000 or 20,000 dollars—the vessel and cargo, part specie, belonging wholly to the captain; and his first voyage was attended with difficulties and disasters well calculated to dishearten almost any youngster, and give him a strong and unalterable dislike for the seas. The Mary on her passage from the Cape de Verds to Fayal, when off the Western Islands, was chased by the British frigate Cleopatra and the Atalanta sloop of war, and at midnight wilfully run into by the latter vessel. She sunk almost immediately, leaving her crew only time to escape a watery grave, without hardly a rag to cover their nakedness. Young Sturgis was taken on board the Atalanta, and some weeks afterwards landed at Bermuda; thence, after much suffering, he found his way home in a destitute condition. Thus ended his first lesson at sea. Although a mere boy at the time, he published an account of the outrage, and of his sufferings, in the 'Independent Chronicle,' on his return to Boston. It reads very well, as a composition, while, at the same time, it is replete with what, in good old revolutionary times, was called '*Yankee spunk.*'

Nothing daunted, however, by the disaster he had encontered, young Sturgis soon shipped for a second voage, to China, in the ship Levant, belonging to the highly respectable and opulent house of James & Thomas H. Perkins. In this ship he made many long voyages, to the North West Coast and Canton: and after 'sticking' to the Levant for a period of ten or twelve years, he found himself in command of her in the port of Canton. Thus did he progress, from one stage to another—from the youthful drudge of the cabin—until he was promoted to the command of one of the finest ships then sailing out of Boston—a ship that made more money for her owners, in her time, it is believed, than any other merchant vessel that ever floated. This fact may furnish a useful lesson to all young men who are about entering upon the sea-faring profession. Frequent changes in a sea faring life, from one vessel to another, and from the employment of one merchant to that of another, are almost always detrimental to the prospects of those who make them.

Having served a long and honorable career in the merchant service, and finding his health

somewhat impaired, Capt. Sturgis retired for a while from active duty, with the respect and confidence of his old employers, which, we are happy to say, he retains to this day. In 1822-3, Capt. Sturgis was an officer on board the U. S. ship of the line Franklin, Com. Stewart, in the Pacific Ocean. With the veteran Stewart he was always on the most friendly terms.

Subsequently, when Lieut. Pinkham, of Nantucket, relinquished the command of Admiral Coffin's beautiful brig Clio—a vessel fitted out by that liberal, public spirited British naval commander—Capt. Sturgis was appointed as his successor, and remained in that station so long as the old Admiral continued to own that vessel, when he again became a sojourner on the land. It will be remembered that Admiral Coffin was a native of Nantucket, and always evinced the warmest attachment to the soil of his nativity—the most ardent interest in the welfare of the good people of that beautiful 'gem of the Ocean,' who have enjoyed many substantial tokens of his liberality and friendship.

Not entirely losing his taste for the deck of a vessel, Capt Sturgis, in 1832, through the exertions and flattering testimonials of a number of his friends, was appointed a first Lieutenant in the revenue service. When Nullification was at its highest point in South Carolina, he was ordered to Charleston, that being his first duty as a revenue officer. The difficulties in that quarter having been happily settled, without bloodshed, he was ordered to New-Bedford, on which station he remained about five years, most of the time in command of the cutter M'Lane. From New-Bedford he was transferred to the cutter Hamilton, and in a short time afterward he was appointed a full captain in the revenue service. The valuable duties he preformed on the New-Bedford station gained for him a very extensive popularity among all classes in that vicinity, especially those concerned in commerce and navigation; and, perhaps, it would not be going too far to say, that every man, woman and child, in and about New-Bedford—and every other living creature—is concerned, directly or indirectly, in navigation. On leaving that enterprising place for Boston, in May 1838, Capt. Sturgis received many flattering compliments; and among other testimonials of respect, a large number of the most wealthy and estimable residents addressed him a highly complimentary letter.

On leaving the New-Bedford station, every paper in that vicinity took especial pains to compliment Capt. Sturgis, for the untiring zeal and the successful exertions he had evinced while in command of the cutter M'Lane, which was, in his hands, the first armed United States vessel that ever passed over Nantucket Bar.

But it is due to the subject of our remarks, to introduce the reader to the cutter Hamilton in and about Boston Bay, where, for several years past, Capt. Sturgis has had an extensive field for the exercise of his talents, in relieving the distresses of his fellow men, and rescuing the property of our merchants and ship owners from impending danger and destruction.

One of the most gratifying events in the career of Capt. Sturgis, must have been that which occurred in Boston harbor a few years since, when, it will be recollected, he saved the lives of seven boys, the youngest of whom was less than thirteen years of age. They were in a sail-boat, and Capt. S. picked them up in his life-boat during a violent squall. For this noble act the American Life-boat Company of New-York presented the captain with a yawl or gig of exquisite workmanship, built by Mr. Joseph Francis, formerly of Boston. This yawl was exhibited in State-street at the time, and much admired for its beauty. But who can estimate the amount of human life that has been saved by the watchfulness, enterprise and fearlessness of the noble-hearted captain! Let the newspapers of Boston for the last five years tell the story.

In the summer of 1842, Captain Sturgis paid a visit to the city of Washington, where he stopped ten days or a fortnight. He there found Lord Ashburton, the partner of Mr. Bates, his brother-in-law, who gave him a warm reception. We remember to have seen him there at the time; and know that he received the most flattering attentions from men in high places, including the President of the United States.

We remember Captain Sturgis as a pupil at one of the free schools of Boston—in School-street—when we 'stood shoulder to shoulder' with him—not as Massachusetts and Virginia stood in the days of the revolution, for the attainment of patriotic and glorious and justifiable ends—but for the purpose of innocently plotting mischief with some two or three hundred other wild urchins, and catching such limited ideas in the sublime mysteries of grammar, reading, writing and arithmetic, as our public schools then enabled the boys of the city to receive. Sturgis was always a 'shining mark' among his fellows. While he held a respectable rank as a scholar, he was ever quite as full of fun and frolic as any of his associates. His teachers—the late Mr. Haskell, and the venerable Mr. Snelling, who now enjoys a 'green old age,' respected and beloved by thousands of his fellow citizens, who, in the days of their youth, received instruction in writing and cyphering, at his hands—very rarely permitted a day to pass, from one end of the year to the other, without 'calling him up,' for the purpose of tickling his feet, his hands, or some other delicate part of his extremities, with the ingenious but simple and useful instruments which are so skilfully used by that valuable class of the community whose duty it is to improve the *tops* while they regulate the *bottoms* of the rising generation. How many times we have seen him receive his deserts without flinching! Yes, we have seen him even smile, while different parts of his body were smarting under the influence of a birch rod or a walnut clapper. And yet he was not vicious—he was merely carrying out what, some thirty-five years ago, in the public schools of Boston, was considered popular conduct among a large portion of the pupils. Although a few years younger than Sturgis ourself, we have '*trained* in the same company with him,' many a day and many a year; and we never lacked recruits, in any reasonable number. We merely allude to the school-boy days of our old friend, to show that he was *grit* then, as he ever has been since—from the first hour that he trod the deck of a merchant ship to the present day. We should add, perhaps, that young Sturgis was for some time a pupil in the private establishment of Master Payne, in Federal-street, to whom he was indebted for a few 'finishing touches' before he took to the sea. The knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages which he acquired in that academy was just enough to be of no use to him in his subsequent intercourse with foreign nations.

One word more in this connection. We think

it would be difficult to find, in the whole scope of the navigation of this or any other country, a commander of any vessel, public or private, who has taken so deep and friendly an interest in the welfare and prosperity of his crew as has Capt. Sturgis We say *so* deep an interest. He has not only been instrumental, through the liberality of a number of merchants, in furnishing the cutter Hamilton with a well selected library, which is used in common by the 'whole ship's company,' but it is well known to many persons in this community that he instructs his crew in reading and writing, personally, and that he pays out of his own private purse for all the books, papers, pens, ink, &c used in carrying out the system of instruction which he has adopted as a part of the discipline on board his rakish little craft He himself learns his crew to read and write, when any of them are deficient in these branches of an English education; he sees, also, that they improve themselves in writing letters, and furnishes them with every little convenience to carry out his plans. And all this, of course, is done at leisure intervals, when the crew might be looking over the taffrail, or quietly sucking their thumbs, in the forecastle. On Sundays, he either has religious services on board the cutter, or permits the greater portion of his crew to attend the Bethel churches, to the establishment of which he has himself contributed according to his means. Capt. Sturgis being a man of temperate habits, seldom using ardent spirits, exacts from the different members of his crew the most rigid discipline in this respect; and, it is believed, that nowhere can be found, a more cheerful, hardy, and exemplary set of young sailors, than those connected with the cutter Hamilton. As the captain uses tobacco moderately himself, both as a smoker and a chewer, he permits his crew to sport with the 'filthy weed' also. So far as consistency is concerned, this is all well enough; but for own part, we should like to see a Waterhouse rise up from the ocean and harpoon every son of Adam that chews tobacco!

We hardly think it necessary to speak of Capt. Sturgis's oratorical powers, as he pretends to nothing in that way. It is true, he is 'no orator as Brutus is, but speaks right on' We have seen him, however, in situations where we thought he appeared to favorable advantage as a speaker.

Capt. Sturgis's relatives, as is well known, are all highly respectable. His father, we remember, was universally esteemed by his fellow citizens. One of his sisters was married to Joshua Bates, Esq. of the house of Baring & Brothers, of London, a gentleman who was formerly connected in business with the late William Gray, Esq. of Boston Mr. Bates's eldest daughter is the wife of the Belgian Minister at the Court of St James. The Capt. himself is a bachelor--a very gallant gentleman, and, of course, a great favorite among the ladies. Is it not a pity that such a noble hearted, considerate, enterprising young fellow, should be suffered to live on from year to year 'in single blessedness,' when there are so many of the other sex who admire the appearance of a good looking officer with two epaulettes? Or is the captain always to be wedded to the cutter Hamilton? No, no—we hope for better things It is said that he has had several advantageous offers, but, cherishing the idea so common among bachelors, that it is not prudent for a man to marry until after he has attained his fortieth year, he refused to give them that serious consideration they so richly merited.

When the Hamilton visited Yarmouth, Cape Cod, a few years since—and she was said to be the first American war vessel that ever visited that port—Captain Sturgis invited all the ladies of the place to take a look at his vessel, and furnished them with boats for the occasion If we mistake not, he has done the same gentlemanly thing in other places—and he always honors his guests with a federal salute. If there is one thing which the captain likes, more than another, it is, we believe, to have the honor of firing a salute in his official capacity, and in the presence of ladies—his band, all the while, playing Hail, Columbia, happy land!

The captain has his eccentricities, his peculiarities,—and so has almost every other man of note in this country; but let his character be examined as a whole, dispassionately and candidly, and weighed in a true scale—take him from his cradle to the present time; and every intelligent reader will say, that JOSIAH STURGIS is a much greater man than he had before considered him.

And thus ends our story about the life and character of our worthy and esteemed friend; our old playmate and school-fellow—JOSIAH STURGIS.

C

A RIDE TO PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth — the O'l Colony Rail Road — the New Hotel—Curiosities in Pilgrim Hall.

When this letter was written, (see book 1, page 42,) the hotel at Plymouth, and the Old Colony Rail-road, were in an unfinished state. Since that time both have been completed, and are now in successful operation. Some time since, by invitation of one of the directors, we took a ride over the road, as far as Plymouth. After spending several hours very agreeably, and, as we trust, profitably, we returned to Boston the same day. The excursion is one which we can most cheerfully recommend to every stranger who visits Boston, and every Bostonian who has a day of leisure on his hands which he would pass to a good account.

The distance from Boston to Plymouth is thirty-seven miles. The rail-road runs through, and passengers are left and taken in at Dorchester, Neponset, Quincy, N. Braintree, S. Braintree, S. Weymouth, North Abington, Abington, South Abington, Hanson, Halifax, Plympton, Kingston, and Plymouth—a most thrifty and delightful region of country. It usually takes about two hours and a half to pass from Boston to Plymouth. The depot of this road, at the Boston terminus, is directly opposite the UNITED STATES HOTEL, kept by Holman & Clark, who, it is acknowledged on all hands, hold a high rank in the highly respectable and powerful corps of hotel keepers in New England; the same may be said of Mr. Tucker, of the TREMONT HOUSE. The cars pass within two or three miles of the country seat of the Hon. D. Webster. The day we visited Plymouth there were about fifty ladies and gentlemen there, principally from Cambridge, Dor-

chester, Braintree, Weymouth, and Boston. At the hotel, we noticed many venerable men, such as Hon. T. H. Perkins, Hon. H. G. Otis, I. P. Davis, Esq. and others, who spoke in terms of unqualified praise of every thing they had seen, and expressed a hope that others might be induced to visit a place so replete with interesting recollections. To see such octogenarians as PERKINS and OTIS, the last connecting links of two generations, enjoying themselves near Plymouth rock, on the same day, was a rich treat of itself. We shall not soon forget it.

The new hotel, (the "SAMOSET HOUSE") is an elegant and commodious building, pleasantly situated near the Sea shore. It affords a commanding view of the Ocean, and is, in every respect, a well appointed establishment. It is four stories high, is built of wood, and has ample accommodations for about one hundred boarders—with good stables, bowling-alleys, and other out-buildings, carriages, boats, a bathing-house, and every other convenience that can conduce to the comfort and health of visitors. It is kept in excellent style, by Mr. JOSEPH STETSON, who furnishes a table "fit for the gods." He is sure to have every luxury that the season, and the Boston market, afford; and his dishes, especially his chowders and fried fish, are served up in remarkably fine taste. The furniture and carpets of the house are all new, and the beds and bedding have a most inviting appearance. It is altogether a first rate hotel, and is kept in a style to correspond with the elegance of its interior arrangements. That its success will be perfect we have no doubt, especially as Mr. Stetson is quite moderate in his charges. We learn that the hotel and furniture cost $50,000. It was opened with much ceremony, on the 22d December, 1845—the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The cars leave Boston at eight o'clock in the morning, and return at six, giving visiters five hours' time to examine the interesting relics of antiquity, and other objects, at Plymouth. Some of these we shall specify particularly for the information of our readers. Within a short distance of the hotel there is excellent fishing, for cod, haddock, perch, tautaug, mackerel, &c.

PILGRIM HALL, which engages the first attention of all who visit Plymouth, is situated a few rods only from the hotel. It was built in 1820, and is a simple structure, with nothing in its appearance to recommend it to the attention of any one. In front of this building is a part of the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, with their names recorded on a circular enclosure. As you enter the hall, the most prominent thing which strikes the eye, is the large painting of the *Landing of the Pilgrims*, the principal figures in which are Gov. Carver, wife and child; Gov. Bradford; Gov. Winslow and wife; Elder William Brewster; Capt. Miles Standish and wife; William White, and his child Peregrine; Stephen Hopkins, wife and children; Isaac Allerton and wife; John Alden, John Turner, Richard Warren, Edward Tilly, Samuel Fuller, and Samoset, an Indian sagamore. The figures are good, the faces admirably drawn, and proper attention appears to have been paid to the costumes, the hair, and especially the grouping of the different characters in this very clever production of the pencil of the late Col. Sargent. The hall having been often used as a ball-room, there is a chandelier hanging from the centre of it—and, at the west end of it, there is a suitable apartment for an orchestra.

In looking round the hall we find many portraits—of Carver, Winslow, Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, and Standish; of Hon. John Trumbull; Dea. Ephraim Spooner; Dr. James Thacher; John Alden; Gov. Edward Winslow; Gov. Josiah Winslow's wife, Penelope Pelham; Gov. Josiah Winslow, born at Marshfield, 1629; Gen. John Winslow, born at the same place in 1701. The four latter are copies, by modern artists. We saw nothing of the late Alden Bradford's portrait on the walls, and felt sorry that he had been neglected, for, if any man ever possessed a pure antiquarian taste, a devoted love for, and a remembrance of, the commanding virtues of the early settlers of New England, it was this gentleman.

Among the curiosities in Pilgrim Hall may be mentioned the following: — The original Charter of the Plymouth Colony, 1629, in the box in which it came over to this country. Specimens of shells, minerals, Indian war implements, and other relics of antiquity. The commission of Oliver Cromwell to Gov. Edward Winslow, dated April 19, 1654. Two chairs, belonging to Gov. Bradford and Gov. Carver. Two pewter dishes and an iron pot belonging to Miles Standish. A pocket-book brought over in the Mayflower. A parcel of continental money. Iron relics, from the ruins of Miles Standish's house at Duxbury. King Philip's cap. A piece of the house in which Columbus was born, and a piece of the coffin of George Washington, in a small iron snuff-box, presented by Alden Bradford. The sword of Capt. Miles Standish. A piece of Gov. Bradford's coffin. A vase, brought over in the Mayflower. A pair of brass steelyards, brought over in the Ann, in 1623. The cabinet belonging to Peregrine White, and an ivory headed cane, which originally belonged to his father. A large junk bottle, made by direction of the Old Colony Club, in 1769, presented by Isaac P. Davis—supposed to have been filled with "good stuff" some time during the last century. In the library room, there is a small but choice collection of books; and two well-executed busts, of John Adams and Daniel Webster, occupy conspicuous places.

The original records of the Colony, in a state of excellent preservation, are to be found in a room at the Court House, a short distance from Pilgrim Hall. They are well worth looking at, as is the ancient burial ground, back of the Court House. The new cemetery is, also, an object deserving of attention: something of the kind was much wanted at Plymouth.

In one of the rooms in Pilgrim Hall, is a beautiful specimen of embroidery, preserved in the branch of the Standish family which settled

in Bridgewater. Also, an extract from the will of Miles Standish, which runs thus:

"My will is that out of my whole estate my funeral charges to be taken out, and my body to be buried in a decent manner, and if I die in Duxborrow (Duxbury) my body to be layd as near as conveniently may be to my two daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter in law.

March 7, 1635. By me,

MYLES STANDISH."

Thus much for Plymouth, and its delightful, interesting associations. At half past six o'clock in the evening, we found our party comfortably seated at the tea table, in Boston, having enjoyed one of the most agreeable excursions within our recollection. It afforded a combination of enjoyment, in which the intellect, as well as the appetite and the body, participated largely.

We commend a trip to Plymouth, over the rail-road, as one deserving the attention of strangers who may visit Boston, as well as to all others, in the city and its neighborhood, who can leave their business for a single day, to visit the consecrated spot of which we speak, and which will ever live in the memory and affections not only of all who are now in active life, but in those of their latest posterity.

(NOTE—AUGUST, 1848.) Our account of Plymouth was written two years ago; but since that time nothing remarkable has occurred to induce us to change its character. That ancient town will always be an object of primary interest to intelligent travellers, and the facilities for visiting it are within the reach of every one. The hotel has changed hands since we were last there —Mr. Stetson has left it, and it is now kept in excellent style by Messrs. J. S. Parker and H. S. Tribou, gentlemen who richly merit, as a friend informs us, the compliment we have bestowed upon their predecessor.

AN EDITORIAL DINNER AT CAPE ANN, TEN YEARS AGO.

Extract from a letter written by an old friend.

I cannot close this letter without telling you a capital story, all about a "swell dinner," which came off at the Gloucester House several years ago. A new landlord had just commenced operations there, and being anxious to get his establishment into notice, he procured a friend in Boston to invite a dozen gentlemen connected with the press, and others, to name a day when his house should be open to receive them. The day was named, and invitations were given out accordingly. Two distinguished singers were also invited, by the gentleman who was appointed master of ceremonies on this celebrated, never-to-be-forgotten occasion. A stage-coach was engaged, the guests were notified to meet at Doolittle's at a certain time, and—whisk!—the party were off; all except three or four, who preferred to ride in their own gigs. Arriving at Gloucester about 12 o'clock, they found the landlord in waiting, and an excellent collation prepared for his hungry guests. The merits of this were soon discussed, secundem artem. The next thing was to take a sail, to see the harbor, and to catch some fish for dinner. A boat was soon in readiness, with the customary small stores, cigars, bait, &c. and the party embarked for the fishing ground. Three hours were spent agreeably, in this way—at the expense, as was generally supposed, of the generous host. Four o'clock found them in full blast at the dinner table: the conversation was animated—no public establishment was ever thrown open under such favorable auspices! The chowder, fried fish and clams, stewed tautang, and the roasted meats and birds, were of the first order, and went off well. The champagne, and the old sherry and Madeira, were also thrown into a state of quick evaporation. Mr. Dempster and the late Mr. Richardson never sang better. In fact it was a perfect jubilee—an occasion of high and singular ecstasy. Things went on thus swimmingly for two or three hours, when some of the party began to think of leaving for home: but, as no one seemed disposed to call for the bill, and the master of ceremonies was the first to go, (he had already gone!) all considered it a treat of the landlord, to a portion of the editorial corps, to have his house favorably noticed. Not so he, however, nor his excellent lady, who could not bear to see the property of

others wasted in this way. The latter called her husband out, and gave him a gentle scolding. "Who pays for the *last* champagne sent in?" she inquired, with a voice so masculine that she was overheard by the guests, who now, for the first time, began to smell brimstone. The landlord, who had resumed his seat at the head of the table, looked sad—his countenance, naturally a round one, had been lengthened several inches by the kitchen-lecture he had so suddenly received from his wife. Every one could see that there was something wrong, some misunderstanding about the business, and time began to pass heavily. The guests became quite taciturn and restless, and the landlord equally so. Every time a bottle of wine was called in, it appeared as if a bullet had passed suddenly through his kidnies. Finally, to make a long story short, when it was understood that his wife had taken the keys of the wine-closet, there was a tremendous rattling among the empty glasses, the company rose simultaneously, a parley ensued, explanations took place on both sides, the leak was discovered, and a laugh (the wrong side of the mouth) was the consequence. Every difficulty having been settled, the guests returned home by the same conveyance which took them to Cape Ann, fully satisfied that they had enjoyed a most generous *opening* on the sea-shore. It cost the party about eight dollars each, to say nothing of lost time, wear and tear of conscience and of health, and the compliments they showered upon the keeper of the hotel for the liberal provision he had made for them. It was a Yorkshire bite from its incipiency to the end; and even the victims themselves considered it "one of the best jokes of the season." At any rate, some of them made it answer for a year.

There is one little moral attached to this simple story, which it would be well to hint at for the benefit of others. The hotel did not flourish that year! The cause may be more easily imagined than described. A bad beginning generally terminates unfavorably.

CASTLE ISLAND—DUELS IN BOSTON HARBOR, &c.

In one of the preceding letters we have spoken of Castle Island. We have a brief story to tell about that place, in connection with some others.

We remember that, on our first visit to Washington, in 1830, we felt much curiosity, as we passed through Bladensburg, on the old mail route, to see the famous dueling ground, as did all our travelling companions. Having arrived opposite to it, the stage was stopped—there was no railroad then—and the passengers alighted. We saw nothing, however, but a piece of common ground, possessing no remarkable features. But a thousand recollections and associations, of a very painful character, were awakened, for there had been many murders committed there, and many unsuccessful attempts at murder made, since the commencement of the present century, by "honorable men," a majority of whom were members of congress. So, again, as we well remember, that when we first made a trip up the Hudson river, we expressed an anxious desire to have the captain of the steamboat point out to us the spot where the illustrious Hamilton fell, by the hands of Aaron Burr. This is a very natural curiosity, and must be indulged. Boston harbor has her duelling grounds, as well as Bladensburg and Hoboken. We will briefly explain.

It is now over forty years since a duel took place on the beach in South Boston, nearly opposite Castle Island, between Mr. Miller and Mr. Rand, of Boston, gentlemen intimately acquainted with each other. The latter fell at the first fire. Mr. Miller died in New-York, a few years since, of apoplexy, leaving a large property to his brother, in this city.

There was another duel, at the same place, some time afterwards, between Mr. Blake and Mr. Dix, merchants, of Boston, in which the latter was killed.

Some twenty-five years ago, on Castle

Island, two lieutenants, while playing cards and drinking wine, in their mess room, had a vulgar brawl. The lie passed from one to the other, and a challenge was the consequence. The next day, a duel was fought between the parties outside the walls of the fort, on the ground which faces the city. One of them fell, and his body was quietly interred, without pomp or ceremony, near the spot where he fell. A small white marble monument was subsequently erected by some of his brother officers, to show to posterity that such a man once lived, and that he died a very foolish death. All who pass that way in the steamer Mayflower, to Hingham, can see this monument—Capt. Beal will point it out to them; and, if their curiosity should prompt them still farther, let them land and read the inscription on it—if there is one to be found. As Falstaff says, "*there's* honor for you!"—the effects of gambling and drinking.

It is possible that other duels have taken place in Boston harbor, which have escaped our recollection. One certainly, we remember very distinctly. This occurred in September, 1819, on the beach at Williams's island, (now East Boston) between Lieut. Finch, of the U. S. ship Independence, and Lieut. White, of the Marine Corps—at the time attached to the Charlestown station—both excellent shots. The latter was the challenger.

This duel grew out of a difficulty, of long standing, which had its origin in the Mediterranean. The parties proceeded to the beach, accompanied by their respective friends and surgeons, a little before sunrise; and, at the first fire, Lieut. White fell, mortally wounded. He lived but a few minutes. His body was taken to the Charlestown navy yard, and thence to his parents in Newburyport. Lieut. Finch, (afterwards Capt. Bolton) returned to the Independence, and ate a hearty breakfast of beef-steak and coffee. The correspondence, which we believe was never published, would show that he did all an "officer and a gentleman" could do to avert a duel.

We believe that no other duels of consequence have taken place in Boston harbor than those we have mentioned. A few years since, however, two were fought in Rhode-Island, in which Bostonians had some concern.

Duels are becoming less frequent in the North every year; and in the South, they are yielding to assassinations in high life—to the bowie-knife, the dirk, and other fascinating instruments of death.

SOME OF THE YACHTS BELONGING TO BOSTON.

There is probably no place in the United States where there are so many beautiful and swift-sailing yachts owned as there are in Boston. Col. Winchester's brilliant Northern Light takes the lead of all of them. Then comes the dashing Coquette, Capt. Perkins, which beat the famous boat Maria, at New-York, $500 a side. It is said the Boston pilots have recently bought this fine boat. Of the countless fleet at Long-wharf may be mentioned the Grace Darling, Capt. Berry, of 56 tons—she won the first prize, a silver pitcher, at Spectacle island, week before last; the Cygnet, John E. Thayer, of 31 tons—she took the first prize, at Phillips's Beach, three weeks ago; the Flirt, Manning, commodore of the fleet—he and Thayer are two of the oldest boatmen in our harbor; the Brenda, Collamore, of 33 tons—took the second prize at Phillips's Beach; the Gazelle, at South Boston, and many others. There are five splendid pilot-boats, viz.: the Hornet, Anonyma, Friend, Sylph, and Phantom, all of which sail like the wind.

THE GREAT FANCY BALL, AT NEWPORT, R. I.

THE great Fancy Ball at Newport, about which there has been so much talk in our fashionable circles, came off on Wednesday evening of last week, August 30. The industrious young fellows who conduct the Boston Bee have given a full account of it, from which we have extracted the names of such individuals as belong to this city and its vicinity. The affair appears to have been one of great interest and brilliancy.

LADIES.—Mrs. James Parker, Marchioness of the time of Louis XVI., splendid dress. Mrs. G. M. Thatcher, Night, very becoming dress. Countess d'Hauteville, rich ball-room dress. Miss Sears, costume of a bride—very elegant dress. Miss Prescott, ball-room dress—pink trimmed with lace. Miss Elizabeth Fearing, in the character of Madonna—very pretty, and worn with much grace. Miss Jennie Colburn, as Gulnare, a beautiful Greek costume, and most captivatingly sustained. Miss Susan Foster, Maid of Athens. Miss Anne Coolidge, Court Dress of the XIVth century; a very superb costume. Miss Ellen Coolidge, in a rich Greek costume, which made the wearer look more lovely than ever. Mrs B. S. Roach, Spanish costume, very complete. Miss K. B. Lawrence, Fancy Ball-room Dress. Miss Sarah Parker, Gipsey. Mrs. Samuel Hooper, Chinese costume. Mrs. F. G. Shaw, Greek costume. Mrs. Moses Kimball, French Flower Girl, very pretty dress Mrs. J. L. Edmands, Bride, very beautiful dress. Mrs. S. S. Lewis, ball room dress. Miss Ann Lewis, ball room dress. Miss Josephine Lewis, Flower girl, dress neatly arranged. Mrs. Shaw, (late Miss Cora Lyman) in a peasant's costume. Miss Ruth B. Foster, ball room dress. Miss Phebe Wildes, ball room dress. Miss Kate Wildes, as a bride. Miss Catharine A Robinson, Sister of Charity, character admirably sustained. Mrs. Charles F. Hendee, Sister of Charity, ditto. Miss Shaw, ball room dress, very elegant. Mrs. Edward Perkins, ditto Miss Ellen Parker, Gipsey, a very becoming costume. Mrs. Slade. rich ball dress; blue satin with silver trimmings. Miss Eliza Winchester, as a Bohemian Girl. Miss Emily Winchester, as Cinderella, a very splendid costume; white satin with silver trimmings. Mrs. Gage, ball room dress; pink satin lace trimmings. Mrs. Dorr, Belgian costume Miss Derby, ball room dress; pink satin. Miss. Roach, New Bedford, as a Gipsey; a bewitching character. Miss Hannah Durfee, Fall River, plain black dress, very becoming.

GENTLEMEN.—Mr. Bowdoin, Oliver Cromwell, in full dress, a very fine character. Edmund Otis. Barber of Seville, character well sustained. Mr. Dixon, Egyptian costume, very complete. Mr. Gray, court dress of Louis Phillippe. Mr. F. G Shaw, Greek costume, very handsome dress. James G. Farwell, Jr., as a gentleman of the Old School, a very becoming costume. Col. Roach, in the full uniform of Governor's Aid. S. W. Dana, in the character of a Chevalier in the reign of Charles II. R. J. Stevens, as a red cross knight templar of Jerusalem. T. Sargent, French boatman. Moses Kimball in a Friar's costume, well sustained. E. P. Deacon, in an Italian Historical costume of the XIIIth century; considered the richest dress in the hall Charles W. Clapp, two characters; first as Paul Pry, and afterwards as a French boatman. R. T. Todd, cadet uniform. Charles M. Eustis, as a delegate of the Provisional Government of France; very well sustained. Mr. Snelling, Monk's dress. Mr. Kidder, in a Prussian costume. Geo. Hubbard, Greek dress. Col Wm. P. Winchester, citizen's costume. T. C. Amory, old English costume. F. G. Shaw, fancy costume. Augustus Perkins, court dress. J. S. Thorndike, court dress—very well sustained. William Parker, in the uniform of the Medical Staff. G. I. Cunningham, Neapolitan costume. J. Greely, citizen's dress. J. Lincoln Edmands, citizen's dress. T. L. Robinson, Polish officer. S. S. Lewis, agent for the Cunard steamers, citizen's dress. Theodore A. Simmons, Earl of Rochester. Mr. Maynor, costume of a Highlander. B. Perley Poore, Greek dress—a very beautiful costume. Geo. P. Burnham, Sportsman's dress. G. R. Russell, Chinese costume, a fine affair. Arthur Gilman, as Julian Peverill—dress of pale blue velvet, trimmed with gold, of the time of Charles the 2d. Nathan Matthews, as Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Miss Henshaw, Cambridge, ball room dress, a very rich affair. Miss Maria A. Gould, Cambridge, in the character of Aurora, an elegant dress. Miss G. was acknowledged to be the most lovely girl present.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Miss Vanzant, Newport, Scotch costume, very pretty. Miss L. B Torrey, grand daughter of the late Gov. Charles Collins, of Rhode Island, as a Greek lady of modern date; a beautiful girl and costume.

Mr. Anthony, New Bedford, Fancy costume. N. B. Gould, Cambridge, Charles the 2d. T. E. Slater, of Webster, Caspar.

G Bailey, Newport, French cavalier. Mr. Sherwin, Newport, sailor's dress. Mr. Sharp, of the Bellevue House, Don Cæsar de Bazan, very elegant costume. Mr. Roberts. Newport, as Pizarro. Col. Simmons, Major Balch, and Capt. Manton, of the Marine Artillery, Providence, in uniform of the corps. Dr. Rivers, Providence, as a Yankee. P. B. Maurin, Providence, as a Pacha. Mr. Jackson, (Daily News) as a Jewish High Priest. Mr. Dejough Newport, in a naval costume. C. C. Vanzant, Newport, as a Yankee. Gen. Greene, U. S. Senator, in a citizen's dress. Charles W. Turner, Newport, a gentleman of '76.

Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, New-York, a rich Spanish costume Mrs. Le Vert, Mobile, as the Light of the Harem, a superb dress. Mrs. Le Vert is the celebrated belle of Saratoga.

Dr. Houston, reporter of the New-York Herald, as Douglass. H. Fuller, editor of the New York Mirror. as Oakley, the celebrated character of Charles Kean in the play of the "Jealous Wife." J. F. Otis, (N. Y. Express) Pirate—dress, white and blue. Mr. Boynton, (N. Y. Express.) Henry VII., very fine costume. Hon. George Folsom, court dress, very handsome costume. L. Sargent, New Orleans, as Don Felix, in a very fine suit. Edward Matthews, New Orleans, Castilian nobleman, purple silk velvet, trimmed with silver. Major Lewis Cass, Jr., U. S. dragoons, citizen's dress.

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